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THE BRITISH NAVY.

NO. VIII.

PAY-DAY.—ROUTINE AT SEA.

"Come all hands ahoy to the anchor,
From friends and relations to go."—DIBDIN.

OUR ship is now ready for sea, and the last thing to be performed, before proceeding on a cruise, is to pay the crew the customary advance of wages.

It has always been the practice to delay this important event until the vessel is on the point of quitting the port; not only to prevent desertion, but owing to the difficulty of restraining seamen when they have money at command; and also because it is probable—nay certain—that many of them would dissipate every shilling, regardless of providing clothes, and the necessities they require, during their contemplated absence from England.

The payment of this small sum is, however, but an indifferent affair, compared to the scenes which our recollections associate with pay-days of former times, when seamen received the arrears of several years' wages in a lump, and lavished the whole in a few hours, after the usual manner of this prodigal and thoughtless class, who are truly said to

"Earn their money at sea like horses,
To squander it idly like asses on shore."

Nevertheless, between two and three thousand pounds being circulated in the issue of two months' advance, the affair still merits the attention of the children of Israel, who, by long prescription, claim an exclusive right to the appropriation of seamen's earnings in London, as well as the outports, and maintain it so pertinaciously as to render the competition of other dealers hopeless.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, the superintendent of the dock-yard, attended by several pay-clerks from the Cheque Office, provided with the cash and duplicates of the ship's books, arrive on board; but long before they make their appearance—generally from the first dawn of day—the ship is surrounded and beset with shore boats, the occupant of each being most indefatigable and incessant in his prayer to be admitted on board, assuring the officers he has the best and cheapest goods that can possibly be provided for the seaman's wants. It is remarkable that, by some mode of obtaining intelligence through their brethren in the metropolis, the Jews are always acquainted with the day appointed for making payments of wages, or prize money, to a ship of war, even before the post-admiral himself, much less the officers belonging to the vessel.

The Jews succeed generally in obtaining admittance in the course of the day, in sufficient numbers to occupy, with their wares, the spaces between the guns on the main-deck, which now assumes the appearance of a fair, or bazaar, where all sorts of articles, such as wearing apparel, gown pieces for the ladies, watches, and trinkets that attract the seamen's attention, are ostentatiously exhibited.

The payment of wages takes place in the fore-cabin, the captain

always attending; the men are mustered in squads as their names stand on the books, and kept in readiness to be called forward singly to receive their quotas. As nothing is deducted from the two months' advance for slops, or other charges, the business proceeds rapidly, and in a ship of this class is finished in two or three hours. It is usual to keep open some of the petty officers' rating until this day, in reserve for volunteers that may appear; but now every man's rating must be assigned him, as upon that depends the amount he receives.

When the superintendent departs, and the day advances, the dealing, like Tam O'Shanter's mirth, grows "fast and furious;" considerable relaxation of discipline is tolerated, for it is difficult to prevent the introduction of spirits upon such an occasion as this, when many strangers are admitted, and the "right of search," so rigorously maintained at other seasons, cannot be strictly exercised.

Every man is expected to provide himself with the following articles of wearing apparel, and if he cannot afford to purchase all he wants to complete his "kit," as his wardrobe is called, out of the advance, the deficiency is made up of slops supplied by the purser, and charged against his accruing wages:—Two blue jackets, two blue trowsers, one waistcoat, four shirts, one pair of shoes, two hats, one scrubbing-brush. If the ship is ordered to a warm climate, four white duck frocks, instead of shirts, and four ditto trowsers. These articles are indispensable, but most of the seamen have more, and nearly all have, in addition, pea-jackets.

In the appropriation of purchases, the ladies of course assert their claim for a share, and the Jew dealers fail not to display such articles of female attire as women delight to adorn themselves withal. On occasions when large payments are made, these are to be had in every variety, and what with one outlay or another, poor Jack is generally minus of his receipts before sunset, when strangers are ordered to quit, and the first-lieutenant congratulates himself, not without reason, that the business of the day—a weary one to him—is over.

The seaman is your true philosopher—the morning finds him renovated by rest, minus his money to be sure, but little regretting the want of it, and resolved, in the words of the song, "to go to sea for more." Preparations are now made for unmooring, and boats arrive to take the women on shore. We confess we have never happened to witness a realisation of the affecting "partings" described by the poet; on the contrary, this matter has always appeared to us accomplished somewhat in a style of indifference. However that may be, a scene such as a poetical imagination might conceive seldom or never occurs—some waving of hands—very different from lily white—there is, "and there an end;"—the work of the ship soon absorbs the seaman's attention. As the morning advances, Blue Peter is hoisted, the captain and all persons belonging to the vessel repair on board, the pilot shortly after appears, the sails are loosed and set, the ponderous anchor hove up (lifted) to the bows, and, wind and tide permitting, the ship proceeds to sea.

VOL. I.

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Until fairly clear of the port, the vessel is under the pilot's charge; when that is effected he takes his leave, receiving a certificate entitling him to his fee. A course for the destination is then shaped by the master, and the watch is set, or called, as it is styled. During the time the ship is in the neighbourhood of the land, and in soundings, it is usual to keep a leadsmen heaving the lead, and ever and anon denoting the depth of water by a peculiar song, the correct performance of which is considered essential in an able seaman.

It generally takes the whole of the first day at sea to stow away different articles, and get matters to rights; as soon as this is accomplished, on the morrow generally, things assume a certain routine. We shall describe the usual occurrences of one day, noting generally such variations as are made weekly, or monthly; prior to which it may be as well to specify briefly the duties of the different classes into which the ship's company is divided, reserving a more minute detail of the several duties of the officers for a future occasion.

The crew are divided into starboard and larboard watch, and each watch has a certain proportion of men in the following classes:—Gunner's crew, 9; carpenter's crew, 4; fore-castle men, 22; fore-top men, 22; main-top men, 25; mizen-top men, 9; after-guard, 30; waiters, 58; marines, 50.

The boatswain's mates and quarter-masters, being always kept on the alert, are generally placed in three watches, as well as the lieutenants, mates, and midshipmen. When it is necessary to obtain more strength during the watch, the *idlers* are called, a body of about 40 persons, composed of the mechanics, servants, &c., who are excused from keeping regular watch, but liable to all calls during the night.

The denominations we have enumerated require men of various abilities to perform their duties properly. The quarter-master's and gunner's crew are composed of the best and oldest seamen, and these have no very active duties to perform, that require great physical exertion. The boatswain's mates are good seamen, selected for strength and activity, and it falls to their duty to wield the "cat" at punishment. The fore-castle men are the most distinguished in the able seamen's ratings, and generally supply leadsmen, steersmen, &c.; they are heavier men than the fore and main-top men, also smart active sailors, though not necessarily thorough seamen, their principal duty being aloft about the sails and rigging. The mizen-top men are lads, or first-class boys, who emulate the fore-top men, and as they grow strong and perfect themselves they are advanced to that station, and obtain the rating of "ordinaries."

The after-guard and waiters are half seamen, or landmen, more particularly the latter, upon whom, and the marines, the principal heavy work of pulling and hauling falls. The waiters perform all the dirty drudgery of the ship. Each of these classes has leaders, called captains and second captains, being good seamen, capable of directing the others how and where to apply their labour. The strongest portion of the second-class boys, not required for servants, are stationed in different parts of the watch, for the purpose of instruction, and as these are capable of becoming smart active men-of-war seamen, if properly attended to, it behoves the captain of every ship to insure that this shall be done.

It would be entering more minutely than our design warrants to describe at length how the men are stationed, either at "all hands," "the watch," or "the watch and idlers," for different evolutions; suffice it to say, that, although no general arrangement is specified, this is accomplished in all ships much in the same manner, every precaution being taken that nothing shall be left undone that may insure speed, decision, and uniformity, in the various evolutions; for upon perfection in these matters the credit of a ship, as to discipline and consequent ability to perform any service of which a vessel is capable, depends.

Taking the routine for one day, and commencing with the morning watch, which relieves the middle watch at four o'clock; the watch is mustered by one of the midshipmen, each man passing before the lieutenant as he answers to his name, and the captains of different classes testifying for those placed on look-outs, in the sick list, or absent from any sufficient cause. The ropes are then coiled up, and preparations made for washing decks, an operation invariably performed every morning, when the weather permits, by scrubbing the quarter-deck, main-deck, poop, and fore-castle, with sand and brooms, followed by plentiful ablutions of water, thrown about in all directions, so as thoroughly to cleanse away the dirt. Twice or three times a week the decks

are holy-stoned* in addition to the broom-scrubbing, and under this treatment they very soon assume a beautiful whiteness, the grain of the wood relieved by the black streaks of pitch seams. As daylight begins to dawn, look-out men are ordered to the fore and main-top-gallant-masts' head, and those stationed around the gangways &c. withdrawn. In war time it is usual for an active mate or midshipman to go aloft and sweep the horizon with his telescope as the dawn breaks, for sometimes a fast-sailing vessel, which would escape in chase, is brought under the guns, and captured, before she becomes aware that an enemy is so near. For this reason a wary cruiser keeps everything prepared for making sail on the instant, and a couple of guns on each side always ready to be brought to bear on a vessel discovered under such circumstances.

The first lieutenant and master generally appear on deck at daylight, and the former takes charge of the watch whilst the proper officer goes below to make his toilet. The boatswain and carpenter are also required to make a visit of scrutiny to each mast-head every morning, and to report any defect that they may discover in the spars, sails, or rigging, whilst the gunner goes round the decks to inspect the artillery. Meanwhile, the cooks are preparing breakfast, and at six the people below are aroused, and required to lash up their hammocks, which are brought up by notice of the boatswain's pipe at half-past six, or seven o'clock. The watch below is then set to clean the lower deck, and prepare the mess places for breakfast, whilst those on deck coil down the ropes, set the required quantity of sail neatly, and clean the small-arms, usually kept at hand ready for use, a measure of daily necessity to prevent their rusting in the saline atmosphere.

The captain may, or may not, make his appearance thus early. His motions are entirely regulated by his will, for he is supreme on board. The officers, denominated *idlers* (the marine officers, surgeon, assistant-surgeon, chaplain, and purser, and naval instructor, as well as the young gentlemen volunteers too young to be stationed in watches), usually come on deck about an hour before breakfast, to inhale the fresh air. At half-past seven the cook appears with a sample of the morning's meal, which he tenders to the officer of the watch for his approval, and the men intended to relieve the sentinels, the wheel, and the look-outs, are ordered to get their meal. At eight o'clock precisely, if no special duty interferes to prevent it, the word is given to "pipe to breakfast," and the boatswain and his mates perform a flourish of whistling upon their silver calls, peculiar to the occasion, which though not particularly musical, is a very acceptable hearing to the men with appetites sharpened by the healthy breezes of the sea. Thus ends the morning watch, eight o'clock being the hour when all classes, officers and men, retire to breakfast, and at which, or at other meals, they are never disturbed, unless on special occasions, when it cannot be avoided. The first-lieutenant generally, and sometimes the officer and one of the midshipmen of the morning watch, breakfast with the captain, and it is usual for the mate or one of the midshipmen to be invited to breakfast in the ward-room.

We should have stated, that the duty of heaving the log, and marking the ship's rate of progress on the log-board, devolves upon the mate of the watch; and this is afterwards copied into the log-book, by the second master, who hands it to every officer of a watch, in order that he may attach his initials to certify its correctness. The mate of the watch also calls the lieutenant who is to keep the next watch, whilst a quarter-master warns the midshipmen. At half-past eight the forenoon-watch is piped up, and the officers of the morning-watch relieved. Between this and noon is the busiest period of the day, for all the crew, above and below, are in full employment. A division is exercised at the guns, or at small-arms, the mechanics are engaged at their several crafts, the captain receives the reports of the surgeon and others, visits the sick-bay (hospital), and occasionally every part of the ship, whilst the people below are employed in cleaning the lower-deck, orlops, and store-rooms, and various minor affairs. In the course of the forenoon, the captain and ward-room stewards deliver the message of invitation to those selected to dine in the cabin and ward-room. At half-past eleven, the officers and young gentlemen are summoned on deck with their sextants and quadrants, to take the altitude of the sun. The cook appears again on the quarter-deck with a

* "Holy-stones" are square pieces of freestone, and so called because in using them the men go on their knees. "Hand-bibles" are billets of wood, about the size of bricks, and used to rub the sand on the deck in the same position. The seamen have assigned these names to the articles, which are known aloft by no other.

sample of the soup prepared for dinner, and as noon approaches, all work is suspended, and the decks cleared up and swept.

Reporting noon, is an amusing routine, and exemplifies the great authority of the captain, for he actually assumes the power which Joshua possessed of making time stand still. It is usual for the master, when he has ascertained that the sun's ascension is at its height, to salute the captain, or officer of the watch, informing him that it is "twelve o'clock." If all things are ready, he replies, "Make it so, and pipe to dinner;" but if anything remains to be done which requires a few minutes' labour, he hesitates not to suspend the event until such is accomplished; and when ready, and not before, he declares his pleasure, that it shall be noon.

We have already detailed the ship's allowance; in serving it out, the utmost fairness and impartiality is observed. An indifferent person being selected, he takes in his hand the cook's fork, a large iron instrument called by the seamen "the tormentors," and as each mess is called, pricks for a piece of meat out of a tub, where it has been all thrown promiscuously together.* Vegetables and puddings are boiled in nets, or bags, having attached to them a line with a copper label bearing a number, and the cook of each mess attends with his utensils to receive these and the allowance of meat, which are all appropriated and removed in a few minutes. Meanwhile, the important operation of mixing the grog is going forward, a master's mate superintending the whole; whilst a quarter-master, another petty officer, and a sergeant or corporal of marines, attend on behalf of the crew, and the purser's steward on the part of the purser, on this, and indeed every other occasion where provisions are served out, to see that justice is done to both parties. The mates and midshipmen invited to dine in the cabin and ward-room, relieve those who have the watch, in order that they may get their dinner.

At one bell (half-past twelve), a boatswain's mate gives one chirp on his call, and sings out "grog ho." The summons is obeyed instantly, and the allowance delivered to the cook of each mess, who carries it below, and divides it amongst his messmates, using a measure somewhat smaller than that above, by which means due allowance is made for waste, and a portion of surplus, called for shortness "plus" is reserved as the perquisite of the cook, in consideration of his extra labour. As may be supposed, the office of cook is coveted, and appropriated in rotation, day after day.

At one o'clock the *afternoon-watch* is called, and the business of exercising, &c. resumed. At two o'clock (usually the ward-room dinner hour), the officer of the forenoon-watch, who is invited to the captain's table, relieves the lieutenant in charge of the deck, who resumes his post at three, when the captain's dinner is announced. As the afternoon-watch approaches its termination of four o'clock, the decks are again cleared up and swept, and at four the boatswain's mate pipes to supper, when the men either receive tea ready prepared, or hot water from the cook, in proportion to the number in each mess. The next is the *first dog-watch*, during which the work to be performed depends upon the season of the year. In some ships the men are allowed all the time after four o'clock for relaxation or pastime, until the drum beats to quarters, when every person flies to his station, and answers to his name, as it is called over by one of the midshipmen attached to his division. When an examination has taken place as to the condition of the guns, and the stores ordered to be kept in readiness, and the lieutenant of every division has made his report, the men are formed in a line, and the captain, or should he decline, the first-lieutenant, usually accompanied by the surgeon, passes along in front of the ranks, minutely scrutinising the features of every man in order to ascertain his sobriety, for it is extremely dangerous to leave a drunken man free from restraint on board a ship, not only on his own account, but on account of the mischief he might do to others; indeed, the safety of the ship requires that every one in that condition should be deprived of the power of doing injury. It is incredible in what a short space of time the officers are familiar not only with the features, but the voice of every man in the ship, and it is necessary that they should become so as early as possible in order to judge correctly, for a seaman will never admit that he is

drunk, so long as he can stand upright, or walk a plank, which means keeping his feet within the lines made by the seams on each side of a plank in the deck. By the time all these matters are accomplished, in the first or second dog-watch, the period generally arrives for putting the ship under the sail intended to be carried during the night, and should time permit, or the work be lubberly performed, the men when aloft are exercised at reefing, until they effect what is desired, to the satisfaction of the captain. The hammocks are next piped down, and as it grows dark, look-out men are withdrawn from the mast-head, and others placed around the ship, who call out every half hour during the night from their stations as follows: Starboard-quarter, starboard-gangway, starboard-bow, larboard-bow, larboard-gangway, larboard-quarter—life-buoy. These look-out men are relieved every hour, and kept alert by constant visits from the midshipmen of the watch. The person stationed at the life-buoy has the charge of that instrument, which is suspended at the stern, and primed by a gunner's mate at quarters every night: it is capable of being instantly detached by pulling a trigger-line, that also fires off a lock igniting a blue light, which burns for a considerable time, directing the man in the water to a means of help, as well as the boats despatched from the ship, to what point to row to his assistance, and to pick up the life-buoy.

The *second dog-watch* ends at eight o'clock, and at the beginning of the *first watch* the captain issues his written or verbal orders for the night, which the officer of every succeeding watch communicates to the one who relieves him. At midnight, the *middle watch* succeeds to the first, and at four o'clock we arrive at the point where we commenced our routine, namely, the *morning watch*. During the first and middle watch the decks below are visited every half-hour, and no work is done beyond pumping out the ship should it be required. Prior to the introduction of tanks, and force-pumps, which communicate with the coppers, it was usual to hoist up butts of water during the middle watch: at present the men are not disturbed with any work of this kind; but all those not on the look-outs, or in bad weather stationed in positions to reduce the sails suddenly, are permitted to lie down in their pea-jackets under cover from the weather.

This is the daily routine, only varied by washing clothes on Mondays and Fridays; Divisions at which every man is expected to appear clean shaved and with a clean shirt, Thursdays and Sundays. Divine service on the latter day. Washing the lower deck on Saturdays, after which it is thoroughly ventilated and dried; also slinging clean hammocks, and airing bedding. A monthly muster of clothes and serving out of slops and tobacco. One evening in each week is allowed the crew to mend their clothes. All other matters which require a more minute detail will be described under the head of the Duty of each Officer belonging to the Ship.

MORE'S UTOPIA.

THE "Utopia" is a philosophical romance, in which More, after the manner of Plato, erects an imaginary republic, arranges a society in a form entirely new, and endows it with institutions more likely to secure its happiness than any which mankind have hitherto experienced. But, with all the model of Plato, the republic of the Utopians assumes an actual existence: it is discovered by an adventurous navigator in a distant part of the new hemisphere, where it had for many ages continued to flourish; and More duly communicates to the world what he learned from the narrative of this intelligent eye-witness. The work is divided into two books, of which the first is occupied by a dialogue, containing a number of strictures on the most prominent defects in the political institutions of the old world. The pleasing manner in which this part of the work is written, the felicity of the style, the elegance of the satire, the acuteness of the remarks on men and manners, the freedom and manliness of the opinions, would have raised it to distinction in any age; but in the rude and ignorant period when it appeared, they entitle it to high admiration. Similar praise is due to various passages in the second part, where the country, the manners, and the political institutions of the Utopians are described. Yet, while we allow much to the ingenuity, much to the judgment of the author, it must be acknowledged, that many of the laws and practices of this new republic are by no means improvements; that the author has been more successful in exposing defects than in providing remedies; and that his regulations are often fitted rather for beings of his own fancy, than for those with whom the Creator has peopled this world.—*John Macdiarmid.*

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* The casks of salt meal contain fifty-two pieces of pork, four pounds each, or thirty-eight pieces of beef, eight pounds each. In cutting up, these pieces are reduced to portions of three pounds, being the allowance for four men. The scraps are called "skewer pieces," and, being made into loaves, are served to every mess in its turn. Of these the men make "soppies" and "lobscouse;" nautical dishes peculiar to themselves. In cutting up fresh beef, one pound extra in every seven (or five, according to the quality,) is changed for prime pieces.

HOURS WITH THE POETS.—KEATS' "ENDYMION."

Books are your true magicians: here are we now seated in a small room, scarcely eight feet square, yet large enough, by the assistance of these Magi, to contain all the greatest minds of the earth. Little is our wealth, but we have only to utter our "Open Sesame!"—the leaves fly asunder,—and what mines of Golconda are half so rich as the heaped-up store the poets have here spread before us? What monarchs can claim the possession of jewels so bright, rich, priceless, and enduring as their thoughts? A dazzling treasure! We possess ourselves of as much of it as we are able; we fill our hearts and souls with it, and, what is once thus possessed, no earthly power can lessen or deprive us of: yet all the while the glittering heap dwindles not; we invite others to share with us, and the wealth, instead of diminishing, grows—ay, visibly swells—as more and more is taken away! Blessed and beautiful ordination of God, that our truest perceptions should be those received in the light of a common sympathy; that our highest, purest, and fullest enjoyments should increase as they become more social!

But are these dumb enchantments—books only "wealth" to us; are they not friends, to sorrow with us when we sorrow, to joy with us when we joy; are they not at all times sweet and elevating society? When worn out by the toils or anxieties of the day, never do they refuse to discourse us their most eloquent music. What a world of ennobling impulses there is contained in the thought that Shakspeare and Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Scott, are content to dwell with the meanest of us! No roof can be too poor for them, no hearth too humble: we may have them telling, whenever we please, of the wonders of that nature it is their mission to expound.

We select, on the present occasion, Keats' "Endymion," and have opened the leaves at its commencement.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!"

is the poet's utterance as he bounds forth, expressing, in those few and simple, but exquisite words, the faith that has o'erinformed his own spirit, and now bids him go on his way rejoicing to teach it to others.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing;
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live on; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heavens' brink."

These are beautiful lines,—“a joy,” indeed, “for ever,” to all who can receive them into their hearts with a cordial apprehension of their truth, of their surpassing loveliness and power. How deeply their author felt what he inculcated, his biography affectingly proves. Born in one of the humbler ranks of life, his genius burst the trammels of circumstance, and elevated him to a position in the loftiest department of literature;—he was emphatically acknowledged to be a poet! Unfortunately for him, during the period of the publication of his poems, party politics raged high,—his opinions were too ardent to be concealed, and, according to the infamous custom of the time, the poet was to be crushed for

the politician. On the publication of "Endymion," from which poem all our quotations are taken, Keats was assailed by the then Quarterly Reviewer, and the morbidly-acute sensitiveness of his victim enhanced a thousandfold the effect of the attack. The poet's life, destined by disease to be short, was made shorter; the poisoned arrows struck deep into his heart; in vain he went abroad to inhale, as he had wished, "the warm south:" he died at the early age of twenty-four, though not without creating for the world, even in the short time allotted him, poems that it certainly will never "willingly let die," and which, if equalled in one instance (Shelley's), have never been surpassed by any of our "young poets." Measuring what he had done only by the standard of perfection he had set up in his mind, he was unjust to himself, and his assailants had the gratification of fancying that the young poet, in the bitterness of his heart, whilst lying on his death-bed, had paid homage to their prowess, in desiring that his epitaph should be—"Here lies one whose name was writ in water!" And did not all this fling a "pall" over his spirit, which no "shape" could move away? Was the poet's faith still unchanged? Leigh Hunt has recorded that, "a little before he died, he said 'he felt the daisies growing over him!'"

The subject of the poem before us is one of the most beautiful passages of the beautiful mythology of Greece—Endymion is the youth enamoured of the Moon—and exquisitely has our author touched it! Here is part of an invocation to Pan.

"O thou, whose mighty palace-roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolated places; where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx,—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!"

Hamadryads are no more, fugitive maidens no longer escape by metamorphosis into trees or plants, Pan himself has not only lost his divinity, but his very existence is shrewdly questioned. But let us cry with our author,

"O, sweet Fancy! let her loose!"

She may still delight in these charming poetical fictions; still people the woods with ideal forms; still afford to us some spiritual glimpses, without which the world were indeed forlorn. In the following passage, Endymion describes to his sister the dream, or vision, in which the divine object of his adoration appeared to him in her earthly guise.

"Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the milky way
Among the stars in virgin splendour pours;
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appear'd to open for my flight,
I became loth and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward glance:
So kept me steadfast in that airy trance,
Spreading imaginary pinions wide.
When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view:
At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,
And dropt my vision to the horizon's verge;
And lo! from opening clouds, I saw emerge
The loveliest moon that ever silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet; she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingling with her argent spheres did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapoury tent.

Again I looked,—and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?

Speak, stubborn Earth, and tell where, O where
 Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair :
 Not out-heaves drooping in the western sun ;
 Not—thy soft hand, fair sister ! let me shun
 Such folly before thee—yet she had,
 Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad ;
 And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,
 Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
 Her pearl-round ears, white neck, and orb'd brow ;
 The which were blended in, I know not how,
 With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
 Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
 That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
 And plays about its fancy, till the stings
 Of human neighbourhood envenom all.
 Unto what awful power shall I call ?
 To what high fane ?—Ah ! see her hovering feet,
 More bluely vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet
 Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
 From out her cradle shell. The wind outblows
 Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion :
 'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
 Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed
 Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
 Handfuls of daisies."

Here is a corresponding picture, and both may hang together in that palace of the Soul the poets from all time have been decking out for that noblest of sovereigns. The subject is Adonis, who, after his death by the boar, was again restored to life, "each summer time," by Jove, in pity to the entreatings of Venus, and, by her care, is he thus watched and tended during his long sleep. After Endymion had

"a thousand mazes overgone,
 At last, with sudden step, he came upon
 A chamber, myrtle-wall'd, embower'd high,
 Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
 And more of beautiful and strange beside :
 For, on a silken couch of rosy pride,
 In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth,
 Of fondest beauty ; fonder, in fair sooth,
 Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach :
 And coverlids, gold-tinted like the peach,
 Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
 Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds,

* * *
 ——— Sideway his face reposed
 On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
 By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
 To slumb'ry pout ; just as the morning south
 Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
 Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
 To make a coronal ; and round him grew
 All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
 Together intertwined and trammell'd fresh :
 The vine of glossy sprout ; the ivy mesh,
 Shading its Ethiop berries ; and woodbine,
 Of velvet leaves and bugle-blossoms divine ;
 Convolvulus in streaked vases flush ;
 The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush ;
 And virgin's-bower, trailing airily ;
 With others of the sisterhood. Hard by
 Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
 One, kneeling to a lyre, touch'd the strings,
 Muffling to death the pathos with his wings ;
 And, ever and anon, uprose to look
 At the youth's slumber ; while another took
 A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
 And shook it on his hair ; another flew
 In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
 Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes."

Our quotations have been long, but how could we shorten them ? In the passages we have now laid before our readers will be seen the intensely poetical character of Keats' poetry ; by that we mean the full, luxuriant, almost riotous enjoyment of, and single-hearted

devotion to, beauty, whether of the world around or the universe within,—of nature or man's soul,—and which is the element wherein the poet "lives, moves, and has his being." In most other poets, this influence, in a pure unmingled state, is less discernible ; their beautiful passages are not so frequent in proportion to the entire amount of their writings as his ; they do not affect us with so great a sense of freshness, and they are truly passages to something : whereas, with him, the beautiful is its own great reward,—its stream, as in the poem we have been noticing, winds through his pages "at its own sweet will," luxuriating in the pleasant verdure, the bright flowers, and the serene sky, in the bright shapes and the intoxicating enchantments of the fairy-land through which it is passing, and where it would be content for ever to stay.

PHENOMENA OF CLOUDS.

AMONG the natural appearances near the equator, we noticed the fixidity, and the varied configurations of the clouds in fine weather. We see them moulded into every diversity of form, and of a texture so dense, that they seem as if they were destined to be permanent decorations of the evening sky. Connected with this circumstance is a superior brilliancy of colouring,—blue, red, and amber colour, in all their life and freshness. These effects appear to vary as the mean temperature, and, consequently, are proportional to the cosine of the latitude. These clouds are not only the glory of the heavens, but the children and pledges of fine weather. Their structure is due to electricity, excited by a change of temperature ; for they are seen in the hottest weather, and never pass into the form of a rain-cloud without thunder and lightning. Clouds, in general, afford the best hints for predicting the state of the weather in time to come ; and when we study them with a reference to the weight of the atmosphere, and the relative heat of the invisible vapour, they will prove almost infallible guides in this respect. In pursuing our observations, we must not forget the effect which their site upon the imaginary sphere has upon their appearance. To deduce their *real* from their *apparent* form, is a problem which every student in meteorology must solve for himself ; though I think he will find some assistance by attending to the following, which are the more worthy of his acceptance, as I am not aware that any one has hitherto taken any notice of the subject. Let a semicircle be described, with a radius of three or four inches ; draw the diameter, and then upon the arc 5°, 45°, and 90°, depict loose sheets of vapour, in lines parallel with the diameter, and similar in density to each other. If the eye be supposed to be at the centre, and a line be drawn from it to the arc, it will be obvious how the same cloud may assume the shape of cirro-cumulus, cirro-stratus, and stratus, just as it happens to be over-head, at middle altitude, or near the horizon. He will perceive, from the diagram I have suggested, that, at 45°, the visual line does not fall upon the farther edge of the sheet, but runs obliquely across it ; two things which, taken together, will account for the even texture and greater density in the lower parts of the cumulo-stratus. A little theory and a little practice will show how much clouds may be modified by their situation, and the importance of taking this matter into account when we register or reflect upon what we see in the heavens. The theory of Hutton, that clouds are formed by the meeting together of currents differing in temperature, is almost a matter of daily experience ; and we see an inverse but a beautiful proof of it, in the disappearance of those highly electric clouds which we described at the beginning of this paragraph. We have said that they do not pass into the nimbus without explosion ; yet they vanish oftentimes as the temperature of the day rises, and supplies them with an element, to the lack of which they owe their origin. But, though unseen by us, they have not, perhaps, wholly lost their composition, but are ready to resume their fantastic but lovely forms, as soon as the additional spring is drawn from them by that decline of temperature which ushers in the evening. The belief that they are in regions near the equator, still existent, though invisible to the eye, is supported by the shortness of the time in which they form or disappear in the finest weather, when no traces of counter-currents, or any atmospheric disturbance, can be seen. The connexion between lightning, or "light," and the nature of clouds, is adverted to in the book of Job, and their use in the economy of second causes touched upon with great beauty and inimitable accuracy ; so that, when we pry into and admire the formation of these meteoric bodies, we do it under the countenance and with the encouragement of the very highest authority. —*Voyage of the Himmaleh.*

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS, BY A LAME GENTLEMAN.*

SOME months since, I blended pleasure with business, and took a trip to Louisville. After spending three or four days in that hospitable city, most delightfully, I embarked on board the steam-boat *Mary*—I use a fictitious name, and, like the lord of poets, "I have a passion for the name of *Mary*,"—to return to Cincinnati. All was bustle on board—the captain was hurrying to and fro among the hands, uttering strange oaths, and vowing that he must be off before the other boats.

Ah! a race on the carpet—or, to speak without metaphor, on the river—thought I, and as one on crutches, unless he has certain powers possessed by the devil on two sticks, which for his soul's sake he had better not have, unless he has the gift of Asmodeus, if any accident happens, is just in as bad a predicament as the liveliest imagination, expatiating on our western waters, could possibly fancy. I cannot swim, thought I—it will be a tempting of misfortune—I'll quit the boat. I passed out of the cabin to carry this resolution into effect, and beheld the firemen pitching the huge logs into the furnace, as though they were so many Lilliputian splinters. The heat from the apparatus passed over my face like the breath of the scirocco. At this instant the steam gave a hiss full of fuming fury—it seemed to me the premonitory symptom of a bursted boiler; just as the hiss of a snake is the avant-coureur of a bite. I could not pass that boiler; it was impossible. While I stood eyeing it—irresolute—I heard the paddles splash in the water, and the boat moved under me—we were on our way. I now hurried into the cabin, determined to get the sternmost berth, number one—the farthest off from the boiler—and ensconce myself in it until supper; and then I could just pop out, and take the nearest seat at the table.

When I opened the book to set my name down to number one, lo! every berth was taken but number ten, the nearest of all to the boiler.

"There must be some mistake about this," said I, aloud, "I believe I took number one."

"No mistake at all, sir," exclaimed a thin, dyspeptic old man, starting up from a chair which stood jam against the door that led to the stern of the boat; "no mistake at all, sir, I came three hours ago and took the berth—I have no idea of being near that boiler! Did you see that account in the paper this morning of the bursting of the boiler of the *Return*? Horrible! horrible!"

Here the conversation among the passengers turned upon such accidents, and we talked ourselves into a perfect fever. Every jar of the boat—and somehow the boats on the western waters have a knack at jarring—seemed to be the last effort of the boiler to contain the boiling-waters within. I tried to philosophize:—I began to think about Napoleon, and to reason myself into a belief of destiny. I always was something of a predestinarian. "But confound it!" thought I, just as I was settling down into a fatalism as doubtless as a Mussulman, "if I had quitted this boat, or even got berth number one, it would certainly influence my destiny should that boiler burst."

I determined to try once more to get the berth, and I addressed the old codger again: but in vain. He vowed he would leave the boat—be put ashore, before he would give up number one. He, I discovered, had never been out of sight of his own chimney before, and had often sat in its snug corner and read of steamboat accidents. He had a decided taste for such things. A connexion near Wheeling had left him a piece of property, of which he was going to take possession, and, I verily believe, the price of it could not have induced him to change berths with me.

Habit is everything. By the time I had despatched more cups of coffee than I choose to tell of, and more eggs and bacon than might, under other circumstances, have been compatible with the health of a dyspeptic, for such I was, and seated myself on the stern of the vessel, with a fragrant cigar, watching the setting sun as it threw a gorgeous hue on the glittering waters. By this time, by a process of ratiocination with which, I fear, the sensual had more to do than the intellectual man, I had partly reconciled myself to the dangers that encompassed me.

I discovered that the other boats were out of sight, and I began to reflect that every situation has its pleasures, as well as perils. And there arose, vividly to my mind, the fact that when, not a very long time previous, I was approaching Dayton, through the woods, in a carryall, all alone by myself, as an Irishman would say, with a greater desire for a straight course than the trees would allow me

to practise—the fore-wheel of my vehicle—I was in a full trot—quarrelled with a tree that stood in its way, got the worst of it, and broke short off. Its trotter behind took up the quarrel like a true brother, and the consequence was, I was pitched out into the road with much less ceremony than a carter unloads his cart. My better half, my crutch, kept its seat and bounced up, I thought with a spirit of rejoicing and devilry, delighted, no doubt, to get rid of a burden that I had compelled it to carry for years—a burden which, unlike *Æsop's*, grew heavier on the journey. Crutch and I have never been friends since. In taking a long walk, after this event, it bruised my arm so terribly, that I have been an invalid for five months. This infused into my arm a spirit of nubtuation. It ran up the single star, at once, and vowed it would not bear the weight of the whole body—that it was not made for that purpose, and wouldn't and couldn't. I had several times threatened this unruly member with dismemberment, but it knows very well it is bruised too near the shoulder for that, and is, like South Carolina, too close a part and parcel of my body to entertain many fears on that score. In fact, I played politician with it, and brought in a compromise till I have agreed not to use the crutch until my arm gets well, and to endeavour to contrive some other means of walking. For amusement, and to get rid of ennui, in the mean time, I scribble. But, where was I in my story?—Ah! away went the horse with the broken carryall, my crutch driving, while I lay in the road, happily unhurt, but, like King Darius, "deserted in my utmost need." In an instant I recovered myself, and called out "wo! wo!" in the most commanding tone I could assume. The horse stopped, but, you may depend, I had a hop of it to reach him.

Some one of old boasted to one of the philosophers—which one was it? I forget,—that he could stand longer on one leg than any man in the country: "That you may," replied the philosopher, "but a goose can beat you." Now, the fact is, I can beat the best goose of the whole of them: and this is something to brag of, when we remember that these sublime birds saved the now "lone mother of dead empires," then in her high and palmy state, by cackling. A good many cackle now-a-days in vain, to save our state; but, gentle reader, they are not geese. And, my fellow-citizens, if you think I have any qualities for saving the state—which our statesmen want, though even geese had them of old, but they were *Roman* geese, and the last of the Romans, both of geese and men, rests in peace—if you think I have any qualities for saving the state, be it known to you, that I have adopted the motto of various elevated, disinterested patriots of our country, viz.—"neither to seek nor decline office." I have a right to jest with my misfortunes,—it is the best way to bear them.

I had to lead my old horse up to the broken carryall to mount him. He feared to look on what he had done, like Macbeth; and the ghost of Banquo never startled thethane more, than did that ghost of a vehicle my steed. How he curveted, twisted, turned, kicked up! At last I mounted him, and shared, with my crutch and the harness, the honour of a ride into Dayton.

In this way I entered that town for the first time, and drew up at Browning's in a state of grotesque dignity, I ween, that has seldom been surpassed.

I chewed the cud of this incident for some time, and then thought of another. The winter before last, I was returning from Columbus in the mail-stage. We had passengers,—a reverend gentleman, who, with myself, occupied the front seat. He was one of the biggest parsons you ever saw. Opposite to the reverend gentleman sat a Daniel Lambert of a Pennsylvanian,—one of your corn-fed fellows. He believed emphatically that Major Jack Downing was as true-and-true a man as ever wrote a letter, and his political bias led him to remark, that "he didn't think the major was any great shakes after all." Alongside of the Pennsylvanian, face to face with your humble servant, was a young man with demure features, saving and excepting a twinkling eye. He was a southerner, he said, travelling for his health. On the back seat sat an old and a young lady, with an elderly respectable-looking man between them. The young lady was like a dream of poetry: her features were finely formed, and her eyes were the most expressive and intelligent I ever beheld. She mechanically—from the impulse of good feeling—stretched out her hand to take my crutch, as I ascended the steps of the stage; and, remembering Dr. Franklin's tale of the deformed and handsome leg,—I often have cause to remember it, and I promised it a test,—I felt an instinctive admiration for the fair lady.

We were soon dashing along, not on the best roads in the world. I like to observe character: I'd shut Shakspeare any day, and turn a deaf ear to Booth any night, though representing his

* From the Gift of 1830.

best character, to hold converse with an original in the lobby. I sat in silence, and listened to the talk of my travelling companions for a mile or two, when I made up my mind as to their characters. My mind was made up from the first as to the fair lady. In coming to a fine prospect, I caught her eye glancing over it, and I commenced, gently, to expatiate upon it. I made a hit—I thought I would. We broke out at once into a cantering conversation, in which our imaginations sported and played on the beauties of the poets and of Dame Nature. I tried to find out who she was, but you must remember I had to deport myself with great delicacy and tact—she was an accomplished, young, and most beautiful woman, and I was merely a stage-coach acquaintance, without not only the pleasure of an introduction, but ignorant of her name. These parsons beat us young men out and out; for, when we stopped to dine, the reverend gentlemen took a seat by the fair lady, in the corner on the left-hand side of the fireplace; and they carried on a conversation, in a low voice, for some time. I began to form a bad opinion of the whole tribe of black coats, and to think them no better than “the gentleman in black, with the black waistcoat, inexpressibles, and silk stockings, black coat, black bag, black-edged papers tied with black tape, black smelling-bottle and snuff-box, and black guard,” whose adventures have lately been published. Well, thought I, if I were an old limb of the law, instead of a young one, I might play old Bagsby with him, but I am not, and— I was interrupted agreeably in these reflections by the reverend gentleman, or the “gentleman in black,” leaving the fair lady, and walking to the other side of the room to the fireplace,—for there was a fireplace in both ends of the room,—and commencing a conversation with the elderly gentleman and lady seated there. I was left tête-à-tête with the fair lady, and diverse and sundry things were said by both of us not necessary to record. How fast the time flew! I felt a cold chill as the driver entered the room. We arose; he said “he was sorry to have kept us so long, but he was having the wheels of the stage greased, the former driver had neglected it, and his horses couldn’t stand it.” “So long!”—I sat down—you know my feelings—and I hoped, and hope, my fair companion did not regret a great deal the delay.

Long ere this, of course, I had discovered the lady was as intelligent as she was beautiful, and I offered her a newspaper I had put in my pocket at Columbus, that I might read for the third time a beautiful tale which it contained. The editor of the paper praised the story very highly, and I commended his taste and the public’s.

“What is the name of the tale?” asked the lady.

“Constasy,” said I: “I fear it is but a day-dream—but the story is beautifully told—and I hope the author, if ever he has a love affair, may realise it.”

She blushed, and asked me to read it. I pride myself somewhat upon my reading—I had a motive, you see, for offering the newspaper,—and in a voice just loud enough for her to hear, I complied.

We were soon seated in the stage again, rattling away. The Pennsylvanian had eaten to sleepiness; he nodded and nodded fore and aft. The young man beside him, with a face as grave as the parson’s, would every now and then slyly tip his hat, so as sometimes to cant it nearly off; at which the unsuspecting sleeper would rouse up, replace his beaver, cast his eye to the top of the stage, as if he wondered if a bounce of the vehicle could have pitched him so high, and then nod again.

We changed horses at the Yellow Springs, still keeping up a brisk fire of conversation. I did my best to beat the preacher; but these preachers are bad men to deal with,—they stand on a place Archimedes wanted; for while I was musing upon some fairy thought the fair lady had uttered, the reverend gentleman, or “the gentleman in black,” took advantage of the pause, and proposed that we should sing a hymn! I have no voice in the world—I mean for singing, and, with a jaundiced mind, I thought at once the reverend gentleman wished to show off. I asked him rather abruptly if he was married! He smiled peculiarly—I didn’t like his smile—moved his head—I couldn’t tell whether it was a shake or nod, and gave out the hymn.

Just as you pass the Yellow Springs, on your way to Cincinnati, is a branch, which, at this particular time to which I allude, was very muddy. We descended into it in full drive—the ladies and the parson in full voice—and sweetly sounded the fair lady’s. I was just watching her upturned eye, that had the soul of the hymn in it, when the fore-wheel on my side entered a mud-hole up to the hub, and over went the stage! Were there bones broken? you ask. Bones broken! I would have compromised the case, and used a dozen crutches. We had a verification of

Dean Swift’s proverb,—it gave consolation to him to whom the dean addressed it, but none to me:

“The more dirt,
The less hurt.”

The big parson fell right on me! Do you wonder that I felt myself sinking into the mud! I seized time, as I was rapidly disappearing, as I thought, altogether, to ask the fair lady if she was hurt? She was not, she assured me, and, in a plaintive voice, inquired if I was? There is consolation, thought I, in that tone, if I should sink to the centre of the earth; and when I reflected how muddy I was, I contracted myself into as small a compass as possible, determined to disappear. Here the Virginian called out in a long angry voice, which satisfied us that he was not killed, though he felt himself in danger.

“Halloo, Pennsylvany! are you never going to get off of me?”

The sleeper was not yet fairly awake.

“Don’t swear, don’t swear!” said the preacher, persuasively, and, making a stepping-stone of my frail body, he got through the window. The Pennsylvanian used the body of his neighbour for the same purpose—engulfed him—and followed after the parson. The fair lady was unhurt, and (not to be too particular) we all got safely out. And—and, no matter—it’s no use for a man to make himself too ridiculous—I shall not commit a suicide on my own dignity—I forgot my situation but for a moment, and that was in observing the parson by the roadside on his knees, with his clasped hands uplifted, and his hat reverently cast aside. I forgot my situation but for that one moment, and in that one moment my opinion of the parson was entirely changed.

The stage was uninjured; in ten minutes we were on our way. I—I—I can jest with some of my misfortunes—with my crutch; but there are some misfortunes a man can’t jest with.

In about half an hour, the stage stopped at a neat farm-house, and the fair lady with her companions left us, but not before I seized an opportunity of uttering, notwithstanding my discomfiture, in my very best manner, one or two compliments that had more heart in them than many I have uttered to many a fair acquaintance of many years’ standing.

When we were on our way again, I learned from the parson that (he had caught it all between the two fireplaces where we stopped to dine,—it gave me serious notions of reading divinity,—that the fair lady was travelling under the protection of the old lady and gentleman, who were distantly connected with her. She was on her way home from boarding-school in Philadelphia; she had stopped at a relative’s. Her parents lived at — (a great distance, thought I.) She was the authoress, he told me, of “Constasy.”

Not long after this little event, I received a newspaper, the direction—my address in full—written in a fair delicate hand, (a hand meant for a “crow-quill and gilt-edged paper,”) containing a beautiful story “by the authoress of Constasy.” I didn’t think it possible for my name to look as well as it did in that direction.

Whenever I travel, and often, often when I don’t travel, and am an invalid as now, that fair lady is the queen of my imagination; but a cloud always passes over my face, (I’ve looked into the glass and seen it,) and another over my heart, (I feel it now,) whenever I think of the branch by the Yellow Springs. Yet, in spite of the upturning, even on board of the boat, in the fear of a boiler’s bursting, when her image crossed my mind, gone were the dangers around me. The smoke ascended from my cigar, not in a puff like the steam from the boiler, but soothingly, lingeringly, placidly;—it curled above my head like a dream of love. I fixed my eye on the rapidly varying landscape, and renewed a vow I have often made, (and I always keep my vows,) that if—bah! your “if” is a complete weathercock of a word, a perfect parasite to your hopes and to your fears, used by all, faithful to none, a sycophant, but I must use it,—if I ever—no matter—if it turns up as I hope—I’ll make a pilgrimage to the shrine of that fair lady, though I go to the uttermost parts of the earth.

TRANSLATION OF THEKLA’S SONG, IN SCHILLER’S PICCOLMINI.

THE oak-woods crash, the storm-clouds flee;
The maiden, she wanders by the sea;
While the wild waves roll with might, with might,
Hark! she sings forth to the murky night;—
See, tears have dimm’d her eye!
When the heart is withered, what is there more?
The empty world hath not a wish in store.
I have lived—I have loved—why longer roam?
Thou Holy One! cull the wanderer home;
Now suffer thy child to die.

WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

HAMPTON COURT.

WE have been too long at home, and must once more don our walking shoes, and, in the right pleasant company of our gentle reader, leave behind us the murky atmosphere of the great city, and inhale vigour of body and freshness of soul from the balmy air of a May morning. And whither shall we bend our steps? Shall we seek the gipsies of Norwood, or go botanizing and butterfly hunting on the breezy hills of Hampstead, and pursue our researches, with the learned Pickwick, upon the nature of the tittle-bats in the seven far-famed ponds? No;—these we will visit some other time; but let us devote this splendid day to the ancient palace of kings at Hampton, where art and nature are combined to please, and where (thanks to the growing good sense of the times) the public are permitted to wander about at pleasure, free from the vexatious annoyance of a ciceronizing housekeeper, gaping for fees, and hurrying visitors through rooms, which require days fully to examine, in the space of an hour.—Now comes the weighty question, how shall we go? Shall we walk the full distance of thirteen miles, as the fittest preparation to a day of joyous fatigue, bodily and mental? (for the contemplation of beauty, natural and pictorial, becomes at length fatiguing;)—shall we preface such a day by tiring ourselves with the weary traverse of a dusty road? By no means. Three ways to Hampton are open to us; let us choose the best for the purpose we have in hand. Shall we take coach or omnibus the whole way? Shall we go to Richmond by land or water, and thence proceed to Hampton Court, or shall we go by omnibus to Isleworth, and thence take our “departure,” as the seamen say, when they begin their reckoning on a voyage? Let us not crowd too many pleasures into a brief space of time, or we shall not enjoy any of them fully. Let us leave Richmond to a future day, and not sully its beauties by making them the stepping stone to our main object. But, remember, we are pedestrians, and it would disgrace our pretensions to ride all the way. We will then go by way of Isleworth, and passing Kensington, Hammer-smith, Turnham Green, and Brentford, we at length pause at a turning a little beyond the turnpike, and tread the earth with a feeling of independence. It is well to put the thoughts of the country out of your head till now, when the city-like omnibus passes away, and with it fly all thoughts of smoky London; but the sweet scent of the wallflowers, so plentiful in the gardens for miles on the road, have well prepared us for the full enjoyment of the perfumed breeze. Summon up your energies, my kind companion, and let us go joyously along the road; we meet with some dust, but the hedges are green and greener as we advance. We feel a difference in the air. It is more balmy, and our spirits begin to dance within us. See that country-house: its hospitable hall, with door wide open; and see the vista through the glass door at the end,—the true old-fashioned comfortable garden. We could well stop short here, and pass away the day on the smooth-shaven lawn, listening to the hum of the bees, and breathing the fresh air redolent of sweet odours. Alas! we know not the owners, and yet the door is so invitingly and unsuspiciously open! Are we only eight miles from London? I thought I was a hundred. On, on! We are at Twickenham. How far to Hampton Court? Four miles, if you go through Bushy Park. Let us push on. Twickenham has many claims on us, say you. Let us stop an hour, and view the villa of the poet. No, no, kind reader. Remember we are on a voyage, and have no liberty to stop. We set sail from Isleworth, bound to Hampton, having been towed out so far by the Omnibus. No stopping, or the captain is responsible;—we are the captain, and you must obey orders. Here we arrive in front

of Bushy Park, the channel by which we approach our haven. The fields have been growing greener and greener as we approach, and here we burst upon a glorious avenue. A wide gravel walk, in length the full third of a mile, flanked on each side by magnificent chesnuts, and then by treble ranks of fine wych elms. And see, on the left hand beyond the elms, that long line of ancient hawthorns, glorifying the fern among which the deer are grazing. Let us sit down on this bench. We can go no further; for our souls are rapt in the melody that resounds from every tree; each is peopled with birds rejoicing in the beauty of spring: their voices awaken sweet respondent chords in the breast, and we feel the harmony of nature.

But we must yield no longer to this enchantment: proceed we up the avenue. Ha! what is this? We cannot call it a lake, yet can we offer so great an indignity to a circular piece of water, in whose centre, perched on an antiquated (not an *antique*) pedestal, a gilded goddess proudly lifts her head, the guardian of the—pond, we must term it, albeit it savours of the bathos.

But we have arrived at one of the gates of Hampton Court. Grim lions grin upon the pillars, but we undauntedly pass on. Yet hold. See where, all benignantly, the sign of the King's Head invites us. Our walk has made us hungry; let us, unless you have providently stored your pockets with “provant,” prove the good cheer of mine host, and, thus refreshed, pass onward rejoicing.

Bushy Park, in the full summer season, often presents a scene of much pleasant merriment and enjoyment. It is lawful then to spread the sylvan feast, the laughter-inspiring pic-nic; and here resort the citizens of all degrees,—some in the dignified barouche, bearing with them cold chickens and champagne; others, in more humble vans, contenting themselves with bread-and-cheese and porter. But there they all take up their rest under the greenwood tree, and pleasantly disport themselves on the soft turf; and when the feast is done, as they repose in the cool shade, and watch the moving shadows as the gentle summer wind wafts to and fro the light boughs above their heads, while the full chorus of birds makes glorious music, the kindly feelings of their hearts are stirred, and we doubt not that many a man has forgiven an enemy, moved by the sweet influences of the beauty of nature. If such be the effect upon the cold and stern, what is it on the young and tender heart? Soft whispers, “wood-notes wild,” have often been murmured in those shades, and low sweet voices answered to the plea, Many a marriage dates from Bushy Park. But all this while we are forgetting Hampton.

We enter the gardens of the palace by the iron gates, and proceeding through the walks, pass by a door in the wall to a broad gravel-walk, running immediately before the eastern front of the palace, and extending from the Kingston road on the north to the banks of the Thames on the south. Before we go in, let us walk down towards those gates which open on the road. They are called the Flower-pot Gates, from those carved vases of fruit and flowers, supported by naked boys, surmounting the gate-posts. The carving is light and elegant, and the figures well proportioned and natural: we have no trace of the artist, but his name is surely worthy of remembrance. Turning up this soft turf-walk, let us repose for a few moments in this alcove. It is of iron work, and elegantly designed; it looks out upon a beautiful avenue, leading down to the central approach to the palace. On one side is a narrow Dutch-like canal, which extends for a considerable distance, winding and turning among the walks and grounds; on the other is a sunken alley of smooth turf, evidently once a bowling-green; beyond, a straight line of flower-beds, bordering the grand terrace walk. The whole garden is planned by line and square, and those

yew-trees we perceive in the distance were, in good Queen Mary's days, clipped by the shears into fantastic shapes, the pride of the Dutch gardener's heart. But now the trees have escaped from their unnatural education, "and shoot and flourish fair and free;" the alcove, where queens have reclined, is moss-covered and neglected, and the palace of the proud Cardinal is but as a show to the multitude. Let us sit down here, and recal for a moment the various scenes which have passed in Hampton Court, the creation of the great "King-cardinal" when in the plenitude of his power. Wolsey founded Hampton Court in 1515, (he himself, according to tradition, furnishing the designs,) and here he resided several years in that magnificent style and almost regal pomp, so well described by his faithful chamberlain, Cavendish. His retinue numbered eight hundred persons; and the splendour of his house-keeping here, and the magnificence of his entertainments, raised envy in the breast of his royal master, for whose gratification they were displayed. Wolsey politically quenched the rising feeling of dissatisfaction, by declaring that his only intention in erecting so grand a palace was to provide a fitting present for a king, and that it was his grace's property; a reply "which gained him much favour." This transfer was made in 1526, and in return the king presented the cardinal with the palace at Richmond. Henry took much delight in Hampton, and frequently visited it, and here his son Edward was born, on the 12th October, 1537. This palace was the scene of the last marriage of the royal Blue Beard. The nuptial ceremony between him and Catherine Parr was celebrated at Hampton Court, on the 12th July, 1543.

Hampton Court long continued to be a favourite resort of our princes. Edward VI. held a chapter of the Garter here, in the last year of his reign; and his sister Mary, and her husband Philip of Spain, here passed their honey-moon in seclusion. Elizabeth frequently honoured it with her presence; and it was the scene of the celebrated conference between the presbyterian and episcopal clergy, at which "King Jamie" acted as moderator. Queen Ann of Denmark, his wife, died here, on the 2d March, 1618. There is a melancholy interest connected with Hampton Court. Charles I. was brought a prisoner to this palace, which had been a favourite place of retreat in happier days, and which he had delighted to adorn with the pictures collected and arranged by his refined taste. These were all dispersed when the palace fell into the hands of the parliament, and those now hanging on the walls have been collected by his successors. The present state of Hampton Court, its grounds and gardens, is the work of William III. The situation of the place suited his taste; he made it his favourite residence, and caused the gardens to be arranged in the Dutch fashion, in formal avenues with clipped hedges, rich flower-beds, and the indispensable canal. The plan is still the same, although the trees have been (barbarously, as his ghost would say, could he behold them,) suffered to escape from the shears. Yet there is one green walk, arched over by cropped lime-trees, which still shows what the gardens were. We shall see it from the window of the guard-room; and now let us walk down the avenue and enter the palace. Are you chilled by the stone seat? It should be wood, and then the alcove would be perfect.

We now stand opposite to the grand entrance. There is little architectural beauty in the façade, it must be confessed. The brick wings pierced by numerous windows with heavy white frames do not well harmonize with the stone centre; and the three parts being all on the same line, there is no relief from the contrast of light and shade. But there is something, perhaps its extent, which impresses us with an idea of magnificence. There is a bas-relief on the pediment, intended to represent the triumphs of Hercules over Envy, a fact which it is necessary we should be informed of, as otherwise it might be difficult for us to discover it.

We enter the vestibule, a large square hall supported by disproportioned and mean-looking pillars, and separated from the open air by gates of iron-work. The band which on summer evenings plays in front of the palace, here takes refuge when the heavens are unpropitious; and here the presence of a sentinel reminds us that we are in a royal mansion. Passing straight through the vestibule, we enter the Fountain Court, a quadrangle surrounded by a cloistered walk, and in the centre a fountain which would be an ornament were there the least attempt at improving its appearance; it is, however, no more than a round pool of water, with a little impertinent jet dancing in the middle on an ugly iron pipe. But turn round, before you go further, and look back through the vestibule. The sun is glancing on the smooth walks, and brightening the dusky yew-trees; the fountain, at the bottom of the walk, is sparkling; and far beyond, stretching into the recesses of the forest, is the grand avenue of the Home Park, its distance softened by the warm mist rising from the heated earth. It is a beautiful sight. But we must now turn from the contemplation of nature to regard the works of art. Proceeding to the south-west corner of the quadrangle we find an opening, and an inscription on the wall informs us that this is the way to the royal apartments; proceeding a little further, we reach the foot of the grand staircase, where a policeman is in waiting to receive umbrellas, sticks, &c. Umbrellas there are none to deliver, for there is not a cloud in the sky, and the vain support of a stick we stout pedestrians despise.

The walls and ceiling of this staircase are covered with allegorical figures, painted by Verrio*. Whilst we can scarcely avoid laughing at the substantial clouds and ponderous gods and goddesses, there is yet much to admire in the excellence of the execution, the brilliant clearness and exquisite harmony of the colouring. The figures immediately opposite to us, as we stand at the top of the staircase, representing Flora and Pomona, are especially worthy of attention. And now behold, from a lofty door, a man attired in the dress of the metropolitan police, but the freshness of whose garments proves that he is not much exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm, or the grillery of a beat on the sunny side of the street,† steps forth and offers us a "Stranger's Guide to Hampton Court Palace," price sixpence. It is welcome, and we willingly disburse, and enter the guard-room, hung all around "with pikes, and guns, and" no not "bows," but bandoliers, a piece of the musketeer's equipment now antiquated. There are a few pictures in this room, but none of any great merit. A view of the Colosseum at Rome, said to be by Canaletti, hangs over the chimney-piece; but if it be genuine, it does not redound to that great artist's credit. But before we leave the room look out of the window,—there is the shadowed walk, the "pleached bower" we spoke of. Whilst we look at it, it reminds us of the covered walk of acacias, by the side of Leman lake, which Gibbon paced with pleased satisfaction by moonlight, on the night he finished his great work, in the little harbour at the end. From the guard-room we proceed through a long suite of apartments, the whole forming three sides of the Fountain Court, and terminating at the north-west corner, where we descend by the Queen's staircase. There is too much to examine in one day, for the walls are, almost all, covered with paintings of various degrees of merit, arranged without much attention to order or effect. We will confine our attention to a few of the most attractive, or we shall be weary, and our eyes will

* This artist was born at Naples, 1634. He first exercised his art at Toulouse, and was brought over to England by Charles II., who employed him in the embellishment of Windsor. He was so staunch a Jacobite, that, after the revolution, he for a long time refused to work for King William.

† The rooms are under the care of a section of the police, "specially appointed to the service."

ache, and become incapable of appreciating the merits of the paintings, before we reach the end.

In the King's Presence Chamber, which we enter immediately from the Guard Room, hang full-length portraits of the beauties of the Court of King William and Queen Mary. They are all painted by Kneller, and are none of them remarkable, except as good specimens of that master's style, save one, that of a Duchess of St. Albans. We know not her history, but she is represented as very young, with a figure *petite* and delicate, a sweet countenance, but a mournful thoughtfulness over-spreading it, like a shadow foretelling a premature death. We are likely enough to be wrong in our supposition, but such is the impression produced upon our minds. The picture is well, and, what is rare with the works of the master, chastely painted. A portrait by Titian, and another by Giorgione, are worth attention, though not to be ranked with the best of these artists' performances. Giorgione's "portrait," as it is termed in the catalogue, represents a saint clothed in armour; there is a glory round the head. The views of ruins over the doors in this and the next apartment, are by Rousseau, a French artist, protected and patronised by William III., and are not ill painted. We must not leave this room without bestowing a glance on the state canopy, the same beneath which William III. was accustomed to give audience.

In the next chamber we remark an admirable work of Corregio's, a most characteristic portrait of the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli; he sought to rival Michel Angelo Buonarrotti, but did not come within many degrees of that great artist. He was, notwithstanding, a good architect, and possessed considerable merit as a sculptor, but his disposition was mean and envious. A portrait of Alexander de Medici, by Titian, is very excellent; and our attention is attracted by a very fine duplicate of Vandyke's celebrated portrait of Charles I. on horseback. In the audience-chamber, a portrait of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, painted by Titian, deserves minute and particular attention. It interests us to behold so characteristic a portrait of this remarkable man, and as a picture it is every way admirable.

In the King's drawing-room we are involuntarily attracted by a painting of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, by Gentileschi. It has many faults as a painting, but is singularly striking. The Angels appearing to the Shepherds, by N. Poussin, must on no account be passed over. It is an excellent specimen of that great master, though not in his usual style.

In King William's bed-room we admire the celebrated beauties of the court of Charles II., amongst which are many of the best specimens of Lely's painting. The ceiling is by Verrio, and beautifully painted.

Passing through the King's dressing-room and writing-closet, and Queen Mary's closet, we reach her Majesty's gallery, rich in Holbeins, all worthy of attention. We would particularly point out the picture of his father and mother, in which warm filial feelings seem to have put vigour into the painter's pencil, and softened the usual harshness of his style. There are several other excellent pictures here. The Queen's bed-room contains the state-bed of Queen Anne, and several paintings; one, a Venus and Cupid, is curious from having been sketched by Michel Angelo. We pass into the Queen's drawing-room, filled with paintings by West, many being portraits of the family of George III.; thence through the Queen's audience-chamber, which does not contain much to interest us, we reach the public dining-room, in which are models of the new Buckingham Palace, and other buildings; but a portrait of Duns Scotus, by Caravaggio, will not permit us to attend to anything else. It is a wonderfully powerful performance. The Queen's private chapel is so dark, that it

is difficult to view the few indifferent pictures hung there; let us hasten on through three or four more comparatively small apartments, until we reach the gallery containing the glorious works of Raphael, the incomparable Cartoons. There hang those seven noble works and the first glance shows you how magnificent they are. How grand in conception; how admirable in drawing, and how beautiful they have been in colouring! That glory has, alas! faded in some degree, but enough is left for imagination to supply the lost harmonious tints. You look down on the engravings, which are placed below on easels; you see Holloway's and Burnet's copies; how exact, yet how unlike. In opposite styles of art, yet both excellent, they give you no idea of the cartoons. How then can words do it? We must come again and spend a day in this room. Now let us gaze in silence—We must at last depart; this door leads us to the Queen's staircase; it is very fine, very—but we cannot look at it.

And here we find ourselves once more in the Fountain-court.

Let us glance at the Clock Court and Western Quadrangle, encircled by the apartments of those fortunate individuals who dwell in this princely palace; take a look into the Conservatory, and admire the gigantic vine, the prince of all its kind. It is above 110 feet long; at three feet from the ground, the stem is twenty-seven inches in circumference; it is of the kind known as the Black Hamburgh, and in some seasons has produced 2,500 bunches of grapes,—at least so says our "Guide." And now let us wander among these pleasant walks, refreshing our eyes with the cool green. Shall we venture into the "Maze?" There is a plan of it on the back page of the Guide, but even with that aid we should, we fear, be puzzled to get either in or out. But see, the sun declines. Let us stroll to the river-side, and then take boat for Richmond, and thence home by coach or steam-boat; but, if you like it better, there are coaches direct into London. No, we will take the water, and, as we glide along, meditate on the beauties of Hampton Court.—Good night; may your slumbers be light, and your dreams happy.

THE CHEGOE.

THE chegoe looks exactly like a very small flea, and a stranger would take it for one. However, in about four-and-twenty hours, he would have several broad hints that he had made a mistake in his ideas of the animal. It attacks different parts of the body, but chiefly the feet, betwixt the toe-nails and the flesh. There it buries itself, and at first causes an itching not unpleasant. In a day or two, after examining the part, you perceive a place about the size of a pea, somewhat discoloured, rather of a blue appearance. Sometimes it happens that the itching is so trivial, you are not aware that the miner is at work. Time, they say, makes great discoveries. The discoloured part turns out to be the nest of the chegoe, containing hundreds of eggs, which if allowed to hatch there, the young ones will soon begin to form other nests, and in time form a spreading ulcer. As soon as you perceive that you have got the chegoe in your flesh, you must take a needle or a sharp-pointed knife, and take it out. If the nest be formed, great care must be taken not to break it; otherwise some of the eggs remain in the flesh, and then you will soon be annoyed with more chegoes. After removing the nest, it is well to drop spirit of turpentine into the hole; that will most effectually destroy any chegoe that may be lurking there. Sometimes I have taken four nests out of my feet in the course of the day.

Every evening, before sundown, it was a part of my toilette to examine my feet, and see that they were clear of chegoes. Now and then a nest would escape the scrutiny, and then I had to smart for it a day or two after. A chegoe once lit upon the back of my hand: wishful to see how he worked, I allowed him to take possession. He immediately set to work, head foremost, and in about half an hour he had completely buried himself in the skin. I then let him feel the point of my penknife, and exterminated him.

Waterion's Wanderings.

AN ENTHUSIAST'S VIEW OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

AMONGST the various objects to which the human mind is directed, there are not very many that can outshine a general acquaintance with the literature of antiquity. It emanated from some of the noblest fountains of human knowledge and human greatness; it comprises works which, as objects of study, may challenge competition with those produced through the long ages that have succeeded. While man is man, there must be a charm in those great and glorious productions, which it would be a disgrace not to feel,—which it would be yet more disgraceful to attempt to depreciate. The Homeric poems have a freshness of human genius, which yet resounds in our ears like the multitudinous swell and roar of the billows of a distant foaming ocean; which appeal to men's hearts by comparisons of human feeling and character, which intertwine with these the most splendid passions of the imagination. While there is a power to appreciate whatever is beautiful in imagination, represented in all its powers and its abilities to teach pathetic feelings most connected with our sympathies; while there is anything else that responds to the ablest strains of oratory, and whatever is most mighty in the application of a powerful mind to the business of a community, in which the accumulation of facts and arguments to demonstration is blended with those spirit-stirring scenes of peril and danger in the battle-field, so fresh and so vigorous within them; while there is a pleasure in sitting at the feet of garrulous age, hearing recounted every tale of distant lands and ages, of wild adventure;—so long will the effusions of the oldest of poets, historians, and orators, excite enthusiasm,—so long will they be prized as among the most instructive treasures to force and excite the fancy, animate the aspirations of the soul, or satisfy the contemplations of the understanding.

MR. CORSTEN'S HYACINTH SHOW.

RAMBLING lately along the Uxbridge road, in search of an old thatched public-house, which I remembered stood on Shepherd's-Bush Green, my attention was caught by the name of Hyacinth Villa. The name struck me. "Hyacinth Villa," said I;—"I have already seen Cato Cottage, Homer Villa, and Addison Road, but this name belongs to another genus;" and so saying, I examined a ticket which was affixed to the gate, and which informed the reader that a show of hyacinths was within, admission to which might be obtained by paying the sum of five shillings. How different was all this to the image my fancy had pictured when I set out to examine this favoured haunt of boyhood! How vividly was the whole scene, as it had appeared in my boyish days, impressed on my imagination!—and how great was the change. I almost fancied that I had mistaken the place; but there was the village green, with the geese stalking across it, as in former times; and there was the old public-house, with its high-hipped roof; but the thatch was gone, and its place was supplied by blue slates; and, instead of an old willow which had stood beside it, was Hyacinth Villa, the residence of a Dutch seedsman, who exhibited his hyacinths to the curious at five shillings each.

It was a deathblow to romance; I could not get up my feelings again; and so, that I might not lose my walk, I paid my five shillings, and was ushered into the presence of Mr. Corsten's hyacinths. Here romance of a different kind was excited. Imagine a tent nearly two hundred feet long, and about thirty wide, with a walk covered with matting in the centre, and above three thousand hyacinths, of the most beautiful forms and brilliant colours, arranged in two beds, each 150 feet long, on each side. It was a temple of Flora, worthy of the presence of the goddess herself. At first my eyes were dazzled with the splendour of the colours, and I was unable to examine the individual flowers; but when I had calmed down sufficiently to examine them, I was astonished to find of what variety the flower of the hyacinth was susceptible. I now began to consider in what the perfections of a hyacinth consisted, and to examine the splendid flowers before me, according to my imaginary standard of perfection; and then to try to recollect all I had heard or read of the flower.

I first began to think of the nature and use of a bulb. We all know that the main root of the hyacinth is a bulb, which is taken up when the plant has done flowering, and planted again in autumn, to produce its beautiful flowers the following spring. We know this; and, if we have grown these roots in hyacinth

glasses, we also know that the bulb is not their only root, but that, when they begin to grow, they send down others, long, white, and succulent, at the extremities of which are the spongioles, or mouths, by which the plant takes its food. The bulb then cannot exercise the usual functions of a root,—viz. that of supplying the plant with food; and the question is, what its use is? Linnaeus considered bulbs as winter store-houses, intended to preserve the germ of the future flower while vegetation is at rest, and to afford it its first nourishment. It is, indeed, like the egg destined to feed the incipient chicken, full of albuminous matter, sufficient to nourish the flower itself; for it is well known that, if all the fibrous roots are cut off, the bulb itself, if supplied with sufficient heat and moisture, will expand the flower, though it exhausts itself in so doing. The bulb which has produced a flower solely from itself, and without deriving any nourishment from the ground, does not appear diminished in size outwardly; but it will be found to have lost its weight, and, when examined, the upper part will be found to consist only of empty coats.

The real roots of the hyacinth do not spread horizontally, like most other fibrous roots, but go straight down, penetrating into the ground to a great depth. For this reason, the Dutch prepare a deep bed of light soil for the roots to go through, with a rich layer of manure, to afford food to be sucked up by the spongioles. Mr. Corsten follows the example of his countrymen, and has had a trench, six feet deep, dug out; and, after putting a deep layer of cow-dung at the bottom, has filled it with sandy peat. In this bed his hyacinths have acquired an extraordinary luxuriance of growth. The kind he calls the Queen has a spike of dark purple flowers, a foot long; while that called the Duchess of Kent is of the most brilliant scarlet, or rather carmine. Others are yellow, buff, brick red, and a kind called the Robinson is of a most beautiful metallic blue; another called Tubiflora, with very large flowers, is of a delicate French white. In short, the whole forms one of the most splendid sights of the season, and it is well worthy of being visited by every admirer of beautiful flowers.

THE FETCH.

The mother died when the child was born,
And left me her baby to keep;
I rocked its cradle the night and morn,
Or, silent, hung o'er it to weep.

'Twas a sickly child through its infancy,
Its cheeks were so ashy pale;
Till it broke from my arms to walk in glee,
Out in the sharp fresh gale.

And then my little girl grew strong,
And laughed the hours away;
Or sung me the merry lark's mounting song,
Which he taught her at break of day.

When she wreathed her hair in thicket bowers,
With the hedge-rose and hare-bell, blue;
I called her my May, in her crown of flowers,
And her smile so soft and new.

And the rose, I thought, never shamed her cheek,
But rosy and rosier made it;
And her eye of blue did more brightly break
Through the bluebell that strove to shade it.

One evening I left her asleep in her smiles,
And walked through the mountains, lonely;
I was far from my darling, ah! many long miles,
And I thought of her, and her only.

She darkened my path like a troubled dream,
In that solitude far and drear;
I spoke to my child! but she did not seem
To hearken with human ear.

She only looked with a dead, dead eye,
And a wan, wan cheek of sorrow;—
I knew her "fetch!" she was called to die,
And she died upon the morrow.

From Tales by the O'Hara Family.

PRACTICES OF HABITUAL DEPREDATORS.

IN the Report of the Commissioners for inquiring into the best means of establishing a Constabulary Force throughout England and Wales, there is a variety of particulars respecting the practices of habitual depredators, which it may be useful to be made acquainted with. The following are a few specimens, which may serve as a sort of appendix to the article in our previous Number. We lay them before our readers, with the double view of assisting them to guard against these practices, and of stimulating them to aid in schemes for the prevention rather than the punishment of crime.

In the Appendix to the Report there is a paper, communicated by Mr. Chesterton, the governor of Coldbath-fields' Prison, containing a general statement of the career of thieves and their practices. It was drawn up by an intelligent prisoner, from the narratives of other prisoners.

Most thieves commence their career at seven or eight years of age, and are engaged for some time in petty thefts of loose articles from shop-doors, windows, stands, &c. Imprisonment confirms their character, and extends their range of acquaintanceship; and on being released, they generally take a higher degree in their profession. When a young thief commences picking pockets, he is launched into the routine of dissipation of a regular thief's life; he becomes united to a "mob," of which there are many in London; some named from the house they use, but more generally from the neighbourhood to which they belong. He frequents the flash-houses, where he is taught to drink, dance, smoke, and gamble; here cards, dice, shove-halfpenny, and other games, are always going on, so that sufficient opportunity exists of getting rid of superfluous money. It is a common opinion, that schools for the tuition of the younger thieves exist at these houses, but no regular system of such instruction is now carried on. Some years ago, it was customary for old thieves to select young ones, and form them into a mob, to act under their direction, and then a system of teaching was practised. But, since the establishment of the new police, the same facilities do not present themselves, and no regular system is now in practice. Occasionally, when an old thief is present amongst a number of young ones, the latter practise their craft upon one another, and sometimes receive gratuitous instruction.

The confession of one individual presents an affecting instance of the prevalence of evil associations and habits over good parental example and education. His father was a banker's clerk; and both parents were sober, industrious, and religious. He received a smattering of a classical education; and, having a predilection for reading, went through a great many books,—such, for instance, as the *Waverley Novels*. He chose a seafaring life, and went voyages to Lisbon, Genoa, Leghorn, Zante, and Constantinople, the Brazils, &c. He afterwards enlisted, in 1836, in the British Auxiliary Legion, and remained in Spain for ten months; when, tired of the hardships of the Spanish service, he deserted, along with sixteen others, escaping into France, and finding his way back to England. Now commenced his career of crime. He soon got acquainted with bad characters; and, from the facility with which he obtained money by depredation, soon became a regular and accomplished thief. One week with another, he obtained from 3*l.* to 4*l.*: on one occasion, he and a companion picked the pocket of a foreign lady, who had come from Manchester to Liverpool by the railway; they obtained a small pocket-book, which contained 273*l.* They afterwards saw bills posted up, offering a reward for the recovery of the money, which was supposed to have been lost. His share was rapidly spent in reckless dissipation. Not quite a fortnight elapsed from entering upon a course of crime to his first apprehension; but it was ten months before he was convicted. Eighteen months is, perhaps, on an average, the time before a depredator is convicted; he may be frequently apprehended, without being convicted, but some are apprehended and convicted for their first crime, while others go on for three, six, or even ten or twelve years.

Two boys, who were confined together in Coldbath-fields' prison, planned a thieving excursion to Kidderminster. They got a dog-cart, stole two dogs from Smithfield, and bought hardware, brooms, &c. at a shop near Farringdon-street, to the amount of 17*s.* While they were purchasing these articles, two companions stole for them a dozen and a half of hand-brooms from the door; they valued them at 5*s.*, making, as four were concerned, 1*s.* 3*d.* each. P. and H. paid them 2*s.* 6*d.* They also took with them twenty sixpences and ten shillings' bad money, which they concealed in a large false bottom of the cart. Thus equipped, H. with 5*s.*,

P. with 15*s.* 6*d.*, they started off about twelve at noon, in the winter or end of autumn. At Wandsworth they sold a mat for 1*s.* 4*d.*, and a broom for 11*d.* They went on to Wimbledon, and called at a public-house, where they had a pint of beer, for which they gave a bad sixpence. The landlady served them, and then went into the inner bar and continued serving. The boy H. reached round, and took four silver salt-spoons which were on a shelf; he would have taken the salt-cellars, but was afraid they might soon be missed. They decamped, bought some bread and cheese, and hastened out of the town in about ten minutes after the robbery. At Kingston they went to a travellers' house, and sold the spoons to their landlord, who gave them board and lodging for the night and next day, with 5*s.* for the bargain.

They proceeded on their journey, and about half-past ten a coach passed them on the road; a small trunk was fastened on behind the seat. P. ran after the coach, climbed up, and cut it down. It contained a quantity of papers, and nothing else. They tore the papers into shreds, and, having destroyed the box, they hid the pieces. This box was subsequently advertised, and a reward of 50*l.* offered for the recovery.

At the next town (the boy did not recollect the names of the places), about eleven or twelve miles from Kingston, they went to a public-house; it was market-day. H. made cloth caps, and in the course of the evening he sold a dozen and a half, at 1*s.* 6*d.* each, to the countrymen in the tap-room. They stole a great-coat which belonged to one of their customers, and hid it in the false bottom of their cart. There was a hue-and-cry for it; some suspected the boys, but the landlady said she could be answerable that the poor lads were innocent. Having proceeded next day on their route, they sold it to a passing countryman for 3*s.* H. considers it to have been worth about 7*s.*

For three weeks they lived entirely on the produce of what they sold, and ultimately arrived at Kidderminster.

They put up for a short time at a travellers' house. Houses of this description are in every town, price 3*d.* or 4*d.* a-night; they have a common kitchen, where the trampers cook and live. (P. confirmed this, and stated that the better sort pay 6*d.*, and have the attendance of a girl to cook.)

At every lodging-house on the road, H. met plenty of trampers, and he did not see one face that he had not seen at St. Giles's. They also recognised him, and compared notes. Some were hawkers, some were going half-naked, some were ballad-singers, some were going about with false letters, others as broken-down tradesmen, some as old soldiers, and some as shipwrecked sailors; and every night they told each other of good houses. They all lived well, never ate any broken victuals, but had meat breakfasts, good dinners, hot suppers, and frequently ended by going to bed very drunk. Not one spent less than 3*s.* a-day, many a great deal more. They sometimes make 5*s.*, and average 3*s.* 6*d.* per day; some often get a sovereign where humane people reside.

P. having been employed at a carpet manufactory before he came to London, went to visit his old friends, and was soon able to introduce H. Every day these boys stole balls of twine and string from this place. They daily went there to take whatever they could lay their hands upon, and have brought out two or three dozen balls of a day in their great-coat pockets, finding a ready market for their plunder in the rag-shops. The first lot they sold was worth about 1*l.*, and they got 10*s.* 6*d.* for it. They did not dispose of any stock-in-trade while in the town, but lived by plundering the manufactory and picking pockets in the streets. Some of the property they pawned, some they sold to trampers at the lodging-houses.

P. and H. were very punctual in attendance at the churches, where they always robbed. They took three watches; one was pawned for 15*s.*, the other two for 1*l.* a-piece. P. is very clever at "easing a yokel (i. e. a countryman) of his watch."

They went to a fair about fifteen miles from Kidderminster, leaving their dogs and cart at a public-house about two miles from the scene. P., who can play "prick in the garter," soon got a mob, and soon found "bettors." He allowed them to win nearly all the money he had, and then won it back with double interest. In the mean time H. (who never appeared to know P.) was very busy rifling the farmers' pockets of their money bags. (He minutely described the bags, as being to him a matter of great singularity.) He took eight bags in a short time, but the richest of the eight contained only 15*s.*; he also took seven handkerchiefs. One of the party having lost a bet, applied to his pocket, but missed his purse: a row ensued, every one felt his pockets; the robbed and the swindler gave vent to their anger, and, having secured P., took him to a pond and ducked him. H. decamped when the storm was

brewing, as he had all the bags and property about him. This occurred at about four in the afternoon, and at about nine, P., having concealed himself after his ducking, joined H. at the public-house, and off they set in their vehicle.

They left the neighbourhood, and shaped their course for London. On their journey back, they entered a gentleman's house, about half-past eight in the evening. It stood upon a hill, and was to let. They opened the kitchen window, and rummaged all over the house for about an hour, taking away a great-coat, some glass decanters, and a hearth-rug. On arriving at the next town, which was about ten miles off, (and they travelled in the night after this robbery,) they told their landlord they had something to sell. His wife went out, and returned shortly after with a man, who bought the lot for 17. 5s. 6d.; but H. remarked, "the fellow swindled us, for the decanters were worth all the money; but we were glad to get rid of them at any price." At some distance from this town they came near a large village, and saw several persons coming towards them, when P. put down the table for the "garter story." H. began betting, and the people, when they came up, stopped to see the fun. Shortly they began to play, and H. began to thief; at length they became exasperated at their losses to P. H. had retreated, and, having packed away the property in the dog-cart, was moving off, when the storm broke out, and P. again got into a scrape. He was severely thumped and beaten; H. was accused of being an accomplice, and they were both locked up in the cage till next day, when the magistrates acquitted them; remarking that P., if guilty, had received punishment enough, and as for H., there was no charge against him. It remained a mystery amongst them what had become of the stolen property, for neither boy had been out of their sight, and yet nothing was found either on them or in the cart. They never suspected the false bottom.

About thirty miles off, they stopped a night at a public-house, and became friendly with some soldiers who were billeted at the house, being on a march with their regiment. While the soldiers were telling their adventures, the boys stole 2l. from them. The next morning the alarm was given, and P. was again the scapegoat. H. fled, and hid the purses here and there about the stable grounds as quickly as possible; some he threw down the privy, and they were found by one of the soldiers. The landlady in this instance took part with the boys, and, as no other person had been in the company, the soldiers (though there was no proof) had no alternative but to suspect the boys, or one of their own comrades: however, the boys got clear off.

At a short distance (that is, about twenty miles) from London, they stopped at a gentleman's house to hawk some things, and, while the servant went up stairs with some hearth-brooms, P. slipped into the parlour, and brought out a watch and a silver egg-stand. The servant bought about 5s. worth of things on her return, and they made the best of their way from the premises. In five days after, they were in London; having added to their plunder from the gentleman's house a pair of silver salt-cellars, which they stole from a public-house where they slept. This plunder they brought to London. The silver was sold for 3s. 6d. the ounce; the watch for 15l.

Another depredator, the son of respectable parents, thus tells his story.

For the last four years, up to 1839, I have "travelled" for a maintenance. I carried a covered hawk's basket with an oil-case on the top, with cutlery, trinkets, braces, Birmingham fancy goods, buttons, pearl, bone, and wood. This pack was not what I and others chiefly depended on; it was the excuse for travelling; and also something to fall back upon in case we could do no business of other kinds. The value of the contents would vary from 2l. to 4l. I have sold silk goods "stolen," bought of the shop-lifters; there are these in all towns, small as well as large. They will not sell to any unless they know them; if they supposed a man to be "a traveller," they will come up to him and say, perhaps, "Will you stand for some handkerchiefs, ribbon, anything in gold, or silver, or wearing apparel?" There are ring-stealers, on pretence of buying them. Needle-stealers from drapers' shops "buy 100, and steal a couple of thousand." There are cant words for everything you use or do. I have seen some old cant in print, but it is nothing to the cant now used. There are three sorts of cant, the gipsies', the beggars' (such as pretended sailors and others), and the thieves'. The cants are distinct in many words, but alike in others. A stranger to the cant words could not understand the gipsies or others, save a few words here and there. The gipsies have a cant word for every word they speak. The vagrant cant is a lower style than the thieves'; they use it to tell one another what

they get at different houses; they are not always thieves, they will not push themselves forward to steal, and one-half of them, if they saw another stealing, would tell of him, and yet, if they could do it themselves they would. The gipsies are the worst of thieves: they live by fortune-telling; they make rings out of brass buttons and pewter, and the wives sell them as gold and silver; they have files and other implements for cutting them out; the metal ones are cast; many of them make bad money. They will coin the money in lanes, or buy it of the dealers in towns in the rough, and make it up themselves. This is extensively done, most "up" the country, the south and west of England; more round Sussex, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Northampton. They have no religion; are heavy cursers; go in families; never marry; many of them are sheep-stealers. The two families of the Boslems and Smiths, about sixty in each, are about Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire; hardly an assize or sessions, but some of this set are had up; in winter they live in towns, if very severe. They will be in one tent when out; as soon as old enough they "pair," and if they don't like each other, after a fight the woman will go to her own tribe again, and the man selects another woman. Play cards and drink the Sundays. "Travellers" will not "do business" on Sundays. There are some who will rob houses at chapel-time on that day, because they cannot get in at others. I know two sent from Leicester last March for a robbery on Sunday night. One got 15, the other 10 years. Amongst thieves there are several kinds. 1st. Those confined to picking pockets have boys to work for them, and close round them, that no one shall see them. This is very gainful; large towns furnish them, and they frequent all fairs, wakes, and races. They travel various ways, some with spring and covered carts. "Muffling" the cart is of use only when there is no watchman; the wheels and horses' feet are all clothed. I have not heard of its being done this long time. 2d. Robbers of the person with violence, mostly three together; two will hold the man, and the third rifle his pockets. All three will, perhaps, be behind when the attack is made, and one will put his arms round him, or he would hit him from behind with a stone in a handkerchief, or a heavy stick, to stun or "drop" him, and when the plunder is got, throw him out of the way. If a man is in a gig, one will get behind, and get his arms round him and drag him out, or one will hold the horse and cut the reins. A horseman will do well to take to the fields, but in a gig a man has only the chance of self-defence; few "travellers," i. e. thieves, will venture their lives if a pistol is shown. Few "travellers" are confined to one kind of robbing: in some places you will see the same persons with boys picking pockets, and others with a three-thimble table, gambling at fairs and races. It would be a good thing to stop it universally; they are thieves to a man; it would draw them to other things.

Take one with another, Manchester is the worst town in England for a thief. Liverpool is a better place for a thief than Manchester, if he be a stranger. If you say in any other part of England that you are from Manchester, you are at once supposed to be a thief; it is the same with London, Birmingham, and Liverpool; but they say that Manchester and Birmingham turn out more thieves than London and Liverpool. The Manchester and Liverpool are reckoned the most expert; they are thought to be of Irish parents, and to have most cunning. In fact, I'll be bound to say, that three parts of those who are travelling now throughout the kingdom have Irish blood in them, either from father, mother, or grandmother.

I should think there are some thousands of "travellers" in England, not to mention Ireland and Scotland; there are more in Scotland than Ireland, (Ireland is too poor, unless in the larger towns). I have seen 150 of different sorts at one place: at Boughton Green fair, near Northampton, in June every year, thousands of people assemble there; the police from London come to it. Then there is Lincoln, April fair; Boston, May fair; Newmarket in May; then to Birmingham or Sheffield fairs; then to Coventry, to Newport Pagnell (Bucks), then back to Boughton, and there is a place called "Stow Green Fair." Then Peterboro' summer fair, then Fairlop Forest, ten miles from London, where I have seen the most gipsies, hundreds at a time. Then to Liverpool spring meeting, and then follow the races in all the midland and northern counties, ending up with Doncaster. Then come on the winter fairs,—Nottingham goose fair, Leicester cheese fair, Mansfield staties, (all this was detailed from memory without the least hesitation); Rotherham staties, Leeds fair, Otley staties, (staties mean fairs held by statute where servants are hired), Knaresborough, York; then come down to Sheffield fair, 28th November, then end up until Wrexham fair begins the

year on the 6th of March. I have gone this round three times, all except Wrexham.

Although, for the most part, a thief confines himself to the practice of one kind of thieving at any particular time, yet, as will be perceived, he can practise, as occasion may require, many different branches of the profession. Although the modes already described are the principal descriptions of thieving, they are by no means all; the varieties are innumerable, many equally deserving of notice. Stealing wet linen is a distinct game; dog-stealing is another; but of all those minor depredating crimes undescribed, there is none so extensively carried on, and more manifestly injurious, than uttering bad money; this is a trade for the indolent, in which hundreds are constantly employed. The money passes through several hands: first there are the makers,—silver is chiefly made in London, but gold at Birmingham; then we have the wholesale dealer, next the retail dealer, and last, the smasher or utterer, who, as usual, receives least of the “sweets” and most of the gall attending the prosecution of this game; most of the dealers are Jews, and from the maker to the utterer each has his profit, but as a general rule the retail dealer purchases 6*l.* of base coin for 1*l.* sterling. One individual has for some time supplied most of the town smashers; he meets them regularly every morning at an appointed house, and supplies each according to their means of purchase for that day’s issue, the sovereigns at 4*s.*, the crown at 10*d.*, half-crowns at 5*d.*, shillings at 2*d.* &c.

To guard successfully against the above plunderers of society is a task of no little difficulty: we must allow experience to be a good guide. Pickpockets say, that if a handkerchief be carried in the inside coat-pocket, hat, or even pinned in the outer pocket, they are foiled. Shop-thieves say, if a till be locked or a nail at the back part to prevent it drawing entirely out, they are balked. Pickpockets say, if they get a man into a push, he must be robbed, unless he be aware of them; if so, their cant words will save him: if he keeps out of a push, his cash in an inside pocket, his watch well guarded by a chain, or wears a cloak in the season, they are foiled. The house-breaker says, a plate of sheet-iron on the inside of the door foils him in his attempt at panelling, and that Chubb’s lock gives a great deal of trouble in opening, but Bramah’s has as yet defeated all their attempts. The thief who robs shop-windows says, wire gauze curtain inside the glass foils him; the thief who robs shops by “palming,” that the shopkeeper must be aware of the game of palming to guard against his attacks. And the most notorious smashers say, that bad gold is known by its deficient standard weight, bad silver by its malleability and greasy feel.

THE CLOSE-EYED GUDGEON.

(*Periophthalmus.*)

In the island of Ternate, you seldom advance towards the edge of an estuary, or small inlet of sea-water, without putting to flight a swarm of little fish, which, alarmed at the sound of your feet, thus hurry away to take shelter in their native element. Their size is so small, and their motions so rapid, that without a previous acquaintance the spectator can hardly persuade himself that they are fish. “A fish out of water,” is a condition so unnatural, that by tradition it has long been applied to a man in uncomfortable circumstances, and especially such as were not of his own choosing; yet in the close-eyed gudgeon, we have an example where the members of the “finny drove” come forth to bask in the sun, to catch their food, which consists chiefly of small shrimps, or to escape from their enemies at home. The pectoral or principal pair of fins have their base longer than it is in the generality of fish, and so furnished with muscles as to be capable of pointing towards the ground. In this position they answer the purpose of fore-legs, and teach us, that in use as well as position they correspond to the arms of man, and the first pair of legs in the higher order of the animal creation. The head, like most of the family, which includes the gobies and the blennies, is obtuse, and higher than the body. Upon the front, the eyes are placed close together,—a circumstance that is referred to in the meaning of the generic name, *Periophthalmus*. They are prominent, and have a lid that will cover the eye at the pleasure of its owner. As this fish lives a part of its time in the midst of light strongly reflected from the surface of the water, this provision may be intended to

guard the eyes against that inconvenience. In addition to this there may be another object, which we shall understand when we recollect that the refraction is greater in water than in the air, so that the eye of a fish has a lens that refracts more than that of an animal living out of water, in order to give the rays the due degree of convergence. When the fish is out of water, this necessity is dispensed with, and the eye is no longer adapted for seeing distinctly. Too great a convergence is thus given in their passage through the lens to all rays except those that coincide very nearly with the axis of the eye, which, by the contrivance of half-shutting the eye, are excluded, while the former only are admitted. And that I may not take the reader into optical considerations that are out of his way, I need only refer him to the case of near-sighted young people, where the imperfection of sight results from too much convexity in the parts of the eye. These generally look at objects, when they wish to see distinctly, with the eye nearly closed. The little fish we are describing is, when out of the water, in the situation of a near-sighted person; and his Maker has given him the same means of abating the inconvenience.

In the goby we have a very obvious mark for family distinction, in the union of the two fins that are seated on the breast into one, which in form may be compared to a lady’s fan. The *periophthalmus* is like the goby in this particular, as it also is in the length of the second fin upon the back, and the soft nature of the rays. The individual that I have before me was taken upon an island not far from Macao. The general colour above is bluish, passing into a silvery white below. The second fin upon the back, and that of the tail, are deep blue, with a range of white spots. The first fin is blue and speckled with white, and has three soft rays prolonged into threads. The tail is pointed, and the anal fin is narrow and white. The teeth are very small and closely packed together. The scales are small, and the body is covered with a slime to counteract the effect which drought would have upon the integument. The gill openings are small, and shut closely, so as to exclude the air from the bronchia; hence it can live a long time out of water, and may be packed in a piece of paper and carried some hours in the pocket, and when taken out will be fresh and lively: so that it is every way fitted for taking excursions upon the shore. Had the fins been prepared for moving upon the land, and no defence given against the air, the adaptation would have been of no use to it; and had no care been taken to cover the eyes, their position upon the front of the head would have exposed them so much to the light, and the appulse of diverging rays, that there again would have been a means of pain, and not of advantage. Thus, in the case of a little fish, has God so tempered the parts, and so nicely adapted them to one another, that they all conspire to produce one end. If so much wisdom and goodness are displayed in behalf of a creature so inconsiderable, what may we not expect for ourselves, who are of more value than many fish, not only in the conformation of the body and the furniture of the mind, but also in all the providential adjustments by which we are fitted for usefulness here and for enjoyment hereafter?—*Voyage of the Himalah.*

SPRING FLOWERS.

BOWING adorers of the gale,
Ye cowslips delicately pale,
Upraise your loaded stems;
Unfold your cups in splendour: speak!
Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
And gilt your golden gems?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
In purple’s richest pride arrayed,
Your errand here fulfil;
Go, bid the artist’s simple stain
Your lustre imitate, in vain,
And match your Maker’s skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiders of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod;
Open to spring’s refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
Your Maker, and my God.

CLARE.

THE PASSES OF THE CORDILLERAS.

THE space enclosed between the gigantic ridges of the eastern and western Cordillera, or great and frigid mountain-chains of the Andes, is occupied by numerous table-lands, yielding short fine grass, and extensive hilly pasture-ground, very like in general outline to the Highlands of Scotland, though destitute of heath: and over this very uneven surface are interspersed lagoons and rivers, and deep, warm, agricultural valleys, in the bottom of which grow the richest fruits and produce of the coast; while the summits of the hills, that rise from and enclose these fertile dales, are exposed to the violence of the tempest in the elevated regions of cold and barrenness.

From one of these glens, where we once resided for some time, we left a house, at the door of which the lemon-tree was in perpetual fruit and blossom, and, in two or three hours thereafter, arrived at the rugged crags and peaks of the eastern Cordillera.

The lines of road from the western coast to the central Andes of Peru wind along narrow glens, sometimes contracting into mere ravines, edged by lofty hills or prodigious rocks that close in abruptly. The traveller thus journeys for days, leaving one hill behind, and meeting another rising before; but never arrives at that ideal spot, whence he may command a view from sea to sea,

"Where Andes, giant of the western star,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

The highest mountains in Britain, such as Ben-Nevis or Cruchan*, must appear very diminutive, when compared to the Andes, whose very vastness and extent preclude from the inland regions any view of the sun dipping under the waves of the Pacific, and whose magnitude limits the quickest sight to the groups of mountains, with their included dales, that go to form one stupendous pile of varied shape, production, and climate.

Many of the mountain roads, as they leave the bottom of the glens, and ascend, in more or less of a caracol, along the face of formidable steep, seem to bear date of origin from the Quichua era, when the llama was the only beast of burden in the country. These animals, like their Indian owners, delight most in the cool of the hills; but, when laden and on the road, their slow and stately gait must not be hurried or interfered with, nor their burden increased beyond their liking, which seldom exceeds seventy or eighty pounds weight on a long journey: the Indian understands their way, and rules them by gentleness. As the llamas are not for forced marches, and only make short stages of three or four leagues daily, the paths that lead through pasture-grounds are the best suited for them, and may have been considered by the ancient inhabitants of the land as a sufficient reason for striking off from a barren, though less elevated or precipitous path, and climbing to eminences that yield an agreeable temperature and some herbage to the indigenous companions of their toil.

When a person has occasion to traverse these narrow and fatiguing roads, it is necessary for him to keep a good look-out, lest he should clash with some rider or cargo-beast coming in the opposite direction; for there are places where it would be utterly impossible to pass two a-breast; and there would be no small danger, on meeting an impatient animal or careless horseman, that either party would be hurled over the brink, and consigned to the condors and eaglets that nestle on the cliffs and in the dark chasms of the crags.

Such dangerous passes are at some places so contracted that the stirrup of the muleteer is seen to overhang the foaming stream, or project beyond the verge of the boldest precipice; and every now and then they are made more formidable by abrupt angles and insecure breast-work without parapets, hastily constructed when the rush of a sudden torrent from the hollow of a hill, or large stones rolling from the heights, have cleft the way so as to render it for a time impassable.

There are also many cuestas or rapid steep, with here and there flights of steps, roughly cut in the hard rock. By the way-side, in tedious cuestas of several leagues in extent, recesses are, in numerous instances, worked out on the higher side of the road, which serve for the passengers to draw up while those from an opposite direction are allowed to pass on, or where muleteers stop their cattle to adjust their cargoes, and tighten their lessos. But when a rock or shoulder of a cliff juts out from the road towards the lower or precipice side, leaving more or less room for

a resting-place, then the little flat space is coarsely walled in with large fragments of rock, and such smaller stones as may be at hand, giving the idea of a rude but commanding fortress.

The famous Cuesta of San Mateo, on the Tarma road from Lima, we passed in the year 1834, and could not but wonder how, without any very serious accident, an army of cavalry, destined to celebrate the "fraternal embrace of Maquenguaio," had been able to pass the same route a few months before, when the path and staircases were yet wet and slippery from occasional showers; and when the lower or proper post-road was unfortunately impassable, from the destruction of one of the ordinary rustic bridges on the river or torrent, that runs at the bottom of the rock-locked ravine through which the regular mule-way has been opened, and by which the waters rush foaming and raging in time of heavy inland rains. This stream, like all such impetuous torrents, during the force of the rainy season on the high mountains and table-lands, carries in its course a vast number of rolling stones, the thundering noise of which rises far above the roar of the white waters as these are thrown back, and resisted incessantly, by large blocks of rocky fragments that half-choke the narrow channel, which at this remarkable place is bordered by immense rocks, looking as if they had been separated by violence, or rent to give descent to the concentrated and united body of rivulets that come from many a snowy peak, mountain lake, and marsh.

The hill along which runs the Cuesta road, rising on the face of the steep that overhangs this part of the stream, is of itself a grand object; but that which is seen opposite to it has the greatest elevation of any single mountain in these narrow glens: and nothing of the kind can be more strikingly magnificent than to behold it, girdled in verdure and capped in snow, from the summit of the Cuesta, where the traveller, tired from climbing, is invited to draw breath, and look around him from the cross planted here, as in almost every similar situation, by the pious among the natives, who love to decorate this emblem of their faith with wreaths of fresh and fragrant flowers. But from the better route, which winds by the river underneath, nothing of this sort is to be seen; for here the hills on each side shelve in towards their rugged foundations, until they come so close as completely to overshadow the stream. Here, too, the rider may strain his neck in looking overhead; but his eye only meets, besides a strip of the sky, pendulous succulents and tangling plants on the face of the incumbent ledge, with now and then a flower-enamoured "pica-flor" (humming-bird), as he fans, with a gracefully tremulous wing, the expanding blossoms that yield him delicate food and pastime.

These wilds of San Mateo reminded us forcibly of the miniature wilds of Glencoe, remarkable in Scottish history; and we thought, as we passed them, of the bard of Cona (Ossian), who, in honour of the orb which the Peruvians once adored, sung with sublimity and touching pathos:—

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers,
whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou
comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in
the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave;
but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy
course?"—*Peru as it is.*

SWIFT'S EARLY LIFE.

AT Moor-park, an eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William Temple, as an amanuensis, for £20 a-year and his board, dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty, dark-eyed young girl, who waited on Lady Giffard. Little did Temple imagine, that the coarse exterior of his dependant concealed a genius suited to politics and to letters—a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can only perish with the English language! Little did he think that the flirtation in the servants' hall, which he, perhaps, scarcely deigned to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long prosperous love, which was to be as widely famed as the passion of Petrarch, or of Abelard. Sir William's secretary was Jonathan Swift. Lady Giffard's waiting-maid was poor Stella.—*Edinburgh Review.*

* "Cruchan," the loftiest mountain in Argyleshire, well known to tourists in Scotland.

† By this embrace the victorious troops under General Bermudes forsook his cause, and at once terminated hostilities by changing sides and declaring themselves soldiers of Orbegoso and the republic, which they ratified by embracing the troops that had fled before them on the day of battle.

PROGRESSION OR RETROGRESSION IN MORAL CHARACTER.

If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts; they are a great deal worse.—*Coleridge*.

LEECHES UNHURT BY FROST.

Among the cold-blooded animals which resist the effects of a low temperature, we may reckon the common leech, which is otherwise interesting to the meteorologist, on account of its peculiar habits and movements under different states of the atmosphere. A group of these animals left accidentally in a closet without a fire, during the frost of 1816, not only survived, but appeared to suffer no injury from being locked up in a mass of ice for many days.—*Howard on Climate*.

A GAMMON OF BACON.

The custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter, still maintained in some parts of England, is founded on the abhorrence our forefathers thought proper to express, in that way, towards the Jews at the season of commemorating the resurrection.—*Drake's Shakespeare and his Times*.

HOME.

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thine head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that pride allots thee for thy board,
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river's brink or mountain's brow,
Yet e'en the cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

Leonidas of Tarentum.

THE SAP IN TREES.

The sap in trees always rises as soon as the frost is abated, that when the stimulus of the warm weather in the early spring acts upon the bud, there should be at hand a supply of food for its nourishment; and if by any means the sap is prevented from ascending at the proper time, the tree infallibly perishes. Of this a remarkable instance occurred in London, during the spring succeeding the hard winter of the year 1794. The snow and ice collecting in the streets so as to become very inconvenient, they were cleared, and many cart-loads were placed in the vacant quarters of Moorfields; several of these heaps of snow and frozen rubbish were piled round some of the elm-trees that grew there. At the return of spring, those of the trees that were not surrounded with the snow expanded their leaves as usual, while the others, being still girt with a large frozen mass, continued quite bare; for the fact was, the absorbents in the lower part of the stem, and the earth in which the trees stood, were still exposed to a freezing cold. In some weeks, however, the snow was thawed, but the greater number of the trees were dead, and those few that did produce any leaves were very sickly, and continued in a languishing state all summer, and then died.—*Aikin's Natural History of the Year*.

COLESHILL CUSTOM.

They have an ancient custom at Colehill, in the county of Warwick, that if the young men of the town can catch a hare, and bring it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, the parson is bound to give them a calf's head, and a hundred eggs for their breakfast, and a grant in money.—*Blount*.

MEMORY OF THE BULLFINCH.

Tame bullfinches have been known (says Buffon) to escape from the aviary, and live at liberty in the woods for a whole year, then to recollect the voice of the person who had reared them, and return to her, never more to leave her. Others have been known, which, when forced to leave their first master, have died of grief. One of them having been thrown down with its cage, by some of the lowest order of people, did not seem at first much disturbed by it, but afterwards it would fall into convulsions as soon as it saw any shabbily-dressed person, and it died in one of these fits eight months after its first accident.—*Bechstein's Cage Birds*.

LONGEVITY.

In 1753 was living at Clec-hall, near Ludlow, in Salop, Lady Wadely, at the great age of 105. She had been blind for several years, but at that time could see remarkably well. She was then walking about in perfect health, and cutting a new set of teeth.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

EFFECT OF THE ATMOSPHERE ON HAIR.

My own beard, which in Europe was soft, silky, and almost straight, began immediately after my arrival at Alexandria to curl, to grow crisp, strong, and coarse; and before I reached Es-Souan resembled hare's hair to the touch, and was all disposed in ringlets about the chin. This is, no doubt, to be accounted for by the extreme dryness of the air, which, operating through several thousand years, has, in the interior, changed the hair of the negro into a kind of coarse wool.—*St. John's Travels*.

ALL SOULS' COLLEGE.

Archbishop Chicheley, having persuaded King Henry the V. to a warre with France built a college in Oxon, to pray for the soules of those who were killed in the warres of France. He called it Allsoules, as intended to pray for all, but more especially for those killed in the warres of France.—*Ward's Diary*.

CHILDREN.

Children in all countries are, as Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, says, first vegetables, and then they are animals, and then they come to be people; but their way of growing out of one stage into another is as different in different societies, as their states of mind when they are grown up. They all have limbs, senses, intellects; but their growth of heart and mind depends incalculably upon the spirit of the society amidst which they are reared. The traveller must study them wherever he meets them.—*How to Observe*, by Harriet Martineau.

RARE TIMES FOR SUITORS IN EQUITY.

Then was the chancery so empty of causes, that Sir Thomas More could live in Chelsea, and yet very sufficiently discharge that office; and coming one day home by ten of the clock, whereas he was wont to stay until eleven or twelve, his lady came down to see whether he was sick or not; to whom Sir Thomas More said, "Let your gentlewoman fetch me a cup of wine, and then I will tell you the occasion of my coming;" and when the wine came, he drank to his lady, and told her that he thanked God for it he had not one cause in chancery, and therefore came home for want of business and employment there. The gentlewoman who fetched the wine told this to a bishop, who did inform me.—*Bishop Goodman's Diary*.

SIR MATTHEW HALE'S CARE OF HIS WORKS.

The great Sir Matthew Hale ordered that none of his works should be printed after his death; as he apprehended, that, in the licensing of them, some things might be struck out or altered, which he had observed, not without some indignation, had been done to those of a learned friend; and he preferred bequeathing his uncorrupted MSS. to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, as their only guardians, hoping they were a treasure worth keeping.—*Burnet's Life of Sir Matthew Hale*.

INWARD BLINDNESS.

Talk to a blind man—he knows he wants the sense of sight, and willingly makes the proper allowances. But there are certain internal senses, which a man may want, and yet be wholly ignorant that he wants them. It is most unpleasant to converse with such persons on subjects of taste, philosophy, or religion. Of course, there is no reasoning with them: for they do not possess the facts on which the reasoning must be grounded. Nothing is possible, but a naked dissent, which implies a sort of unsocial contempt; or what a man of kind disposition is very likely to fall into, a heartless tacit acquiescence, which borders nearly on duplicity.—*Coleridge*.

AN OLD SNATCH OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

To tax any trade so that it cannot subsist under the payment, is not a means to raise the money, but to destroy the trade. That the dearthness of a thing lessens the consumption, is a maxim which no man can deny; but there are some things of so diminutive a nature, that their spreading arises merely from the consideration of their being trifles. Such are the innumerable little printed tracts, from the ballad and primer at the price of one half-penny to the pamphlets of six-pence. When these come to be taxed, will they be sold? Let any man judge by the tax upon almanacs laid on last year, when a printer in Scotland returned 495 out of 500 stamps. It is stated that the number of almanacs printed was three-fourths less than usual, and that 60,000 stamps were returned to the government unsold.—*De Foe*.

TEA IN RUSSIA.

The Russians are the most inveterate tea-drinkers out of China; and with such excellent tea as they have, the passion is quite excusable. Tea in Russia and tea in England are as different as peppermint water and senna. With us it is a dull, flavourless dose; in Russia it is a fresh invigorating draught. They account for the difference by stating that, as the sea air injures tea, we get only the leaves, but none of the aroma of the plant which left Canton; while they, on the other hand, receiving all their tea over-land, have it just as good as when it left the celestial empire. Be the cause what it may, there can be no doubt of the fact, that tea in Russia is infinitely superior to any ever found in other parts of Europe. Englishmen are taken by surprise on tasting it; even those who never cared for tea before, drink on during the whole of their stay in Russia.—*Brenner's Excursions in Russia*.

THE HONEST MONK.

William Rufus having an abbey to bestow, several of the clergy, knowing the king to be covetous, bid large sums for the place. The king seeing a monk stand by who offered nothing, asked him, "And what wilt thou give for this abbey?" "Indeed not one penny," says the monk, "for it is against my conscience." "Then," says the king, "thou art the fittest man to be abbot;" and so gave him the abbey immediately.—*De Foe*.

NUISANCES.

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when, by frivolous visitations, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread; and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honour of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an intolerable load of ennui, and he sallies forth to distribute it amongst all his acquaintance.—*Colton's Lacon*.

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